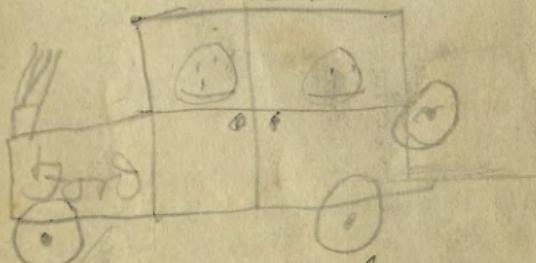


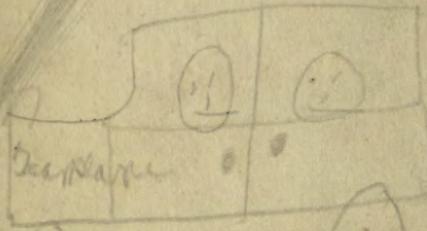
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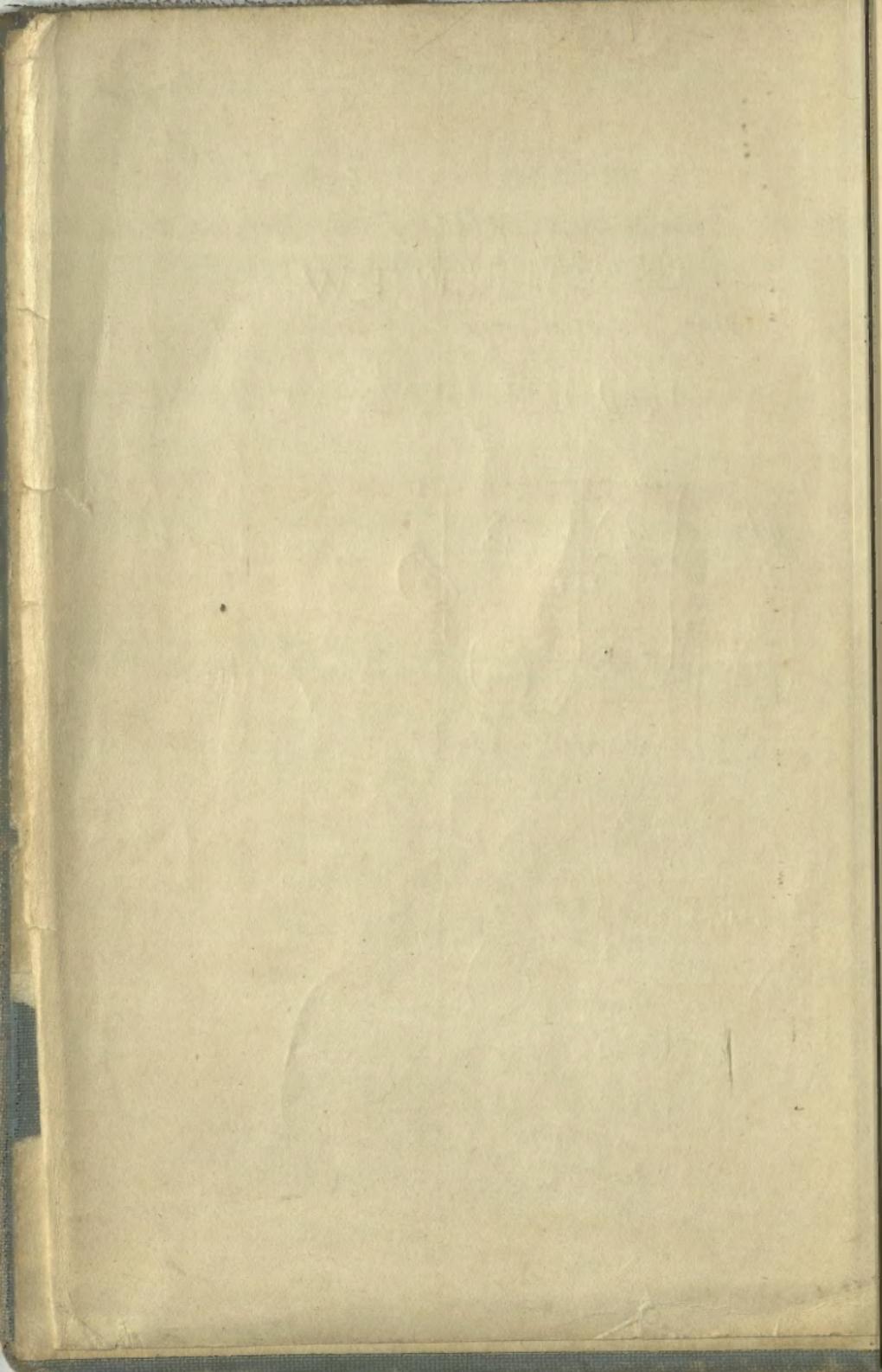


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Gospel Melodies

A Choice Compilation of New and Old Hymns
and Gospel Songs Most Suitable for Present
Day Needs in Churches, Schools, Young
People's Meetings and Evangelistic Services

Compiled and Edited
by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

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Book 2—1st Clarinet and 2nd Clarinet
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BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Foreword

THIS Editor issued his first song book in 1909. During these 19 years he has placed in circulation more than 7,000,000 Gospel Song Books. This is not told in a spirit of boasting, but rather would he hereby express his humble gratitude to the Master that he has been able to render this slight service in the realm of Gospel Music. Most assuredly he has not done this single-handed and alone; but he has enjoyed the cordial co-operation and able assistance of many capable musicians and experienced Ministers, more gifted than himself. It is true that, because of the tolerance of the brethren, he has enjoyed a wide experience in International, National and State Conventions, but he considers that his most valuable experience has been that secured in connection with active service in a noble Church.

GOSPEL MELODIES is therefore not an experiment, but is the result of wide experience and careful study. Of course no song book is complete without the outstanding Standard Hymns and Gospel Songs which have proven their worth; but there are also many gifted song writers of the present day, and he considers the group of new Gospel Songs found in GOSPEL MELODIES to be the best he has been able to secure for any book. He does not consider it improper to say that the work connected with this compilation has been accompanied by much prayer that the great Master would give wisdom and guidance in it all, and that THE NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME might be honored in its distribution.

THE EDITOR.

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1901

1
Holy Baptism
Craigmill, 170.

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THE EDITOR.

Gospel Melodies

1 Tell the Good News to Others.

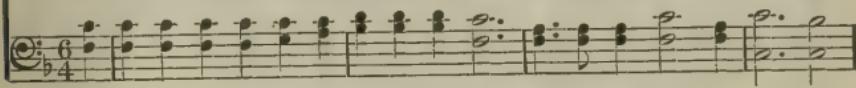
E. C. Baird.

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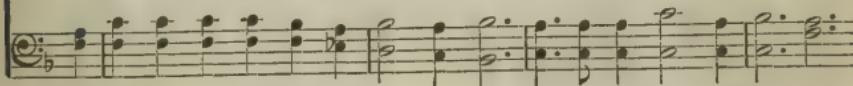
B. B. McKinney.



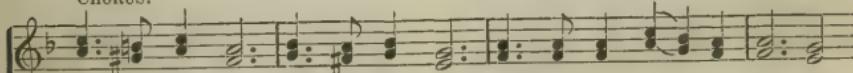
1. If Je - sus has lift-ed your bur-den of sin, Tell the good news to oth - ers!
2. If Je - sus is helping you car-ry your load, Tell the good news to oth - ers!
3. If Je - sus has whispered love's message to you, Tell the good news to oth - ers!



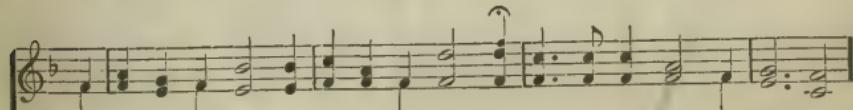
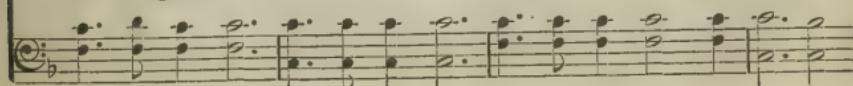
If gen-tly He whispers sweet peace within, Tell the good news to oth - ers.
If safe-ly He leads on the nar-row road, Tell the good news to oth - ers.
If glad-ly you trust ev'-ry prom-ise true, Tell the good news to oth - ers.



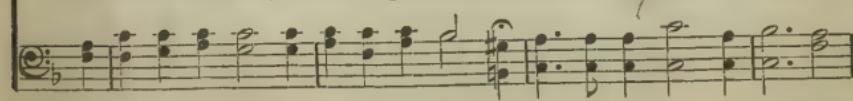
CHORUS.



Tell the good news! Tell the good news! Tell the good news to oth - ers;



Go forth in His name, His love to proclaim, Go tell the good news to oth - ers!



The Old Road.

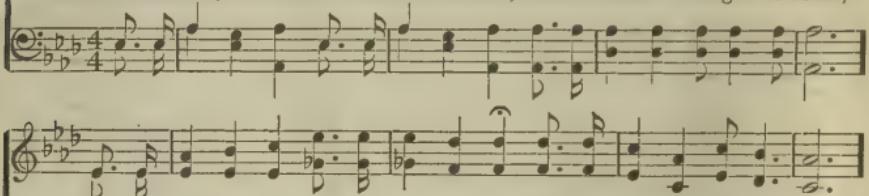
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. There's an old, old road by an old, old cross, And its way is narrow and straight;
2. On the old, old road walked the Christ divine, With His cross of sorrow and shame;
3. Leave the wide, wide road for the narrow road, Paths of sin no lon-ger to roam;



But it leads up home to the great white throne, Where the saints in glo-ry wait.
On its beams so wide Je-sus bled and died, There He bore the sinner's blame.
Walk the road divine where the crossdoth shine, It will lead you safe-ly home.

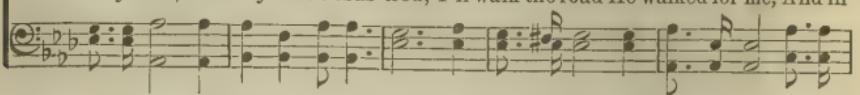
CHORUS.



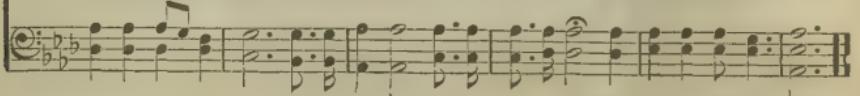
The old road is the on - ly road That leads home to God, The old road is the



on-ly road, The way that Jesus trod; I'll walk the road He walked for me, And in



sin no lon-ger roam, For the old road is the only road That leads the sinner home.



Only a Little Way Home.

A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.

1. O why do you wan - der in sor - row, When Je - sus in -
 2. Tho' you are a poor wretch-ed out - cast, For - sa - ken wher -
 3. The door of for - give - ness is o - pen, The light of love

vites you to come? His grace will im - part boundless joy to your heart,
 ev - er you roam, God nev - er de-spairs, He is one who still cares,
 shines thro' the gloam, Close, close to your side is the won - der - ful Guide,

CHORUS

And it's on - ly a lit - tle way home. It is on - ly a lit - tle way,

Tho' you have gone a-stray, On - ly a lit - tle way home; It is on - ly a
 way home;

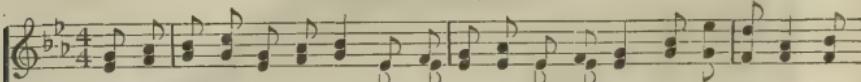
lit - tle way, Then take the step to-day, On - ly a lit - tle way home.
 lit - tle way home.

Blessings Just Ahead.

P. S. K.

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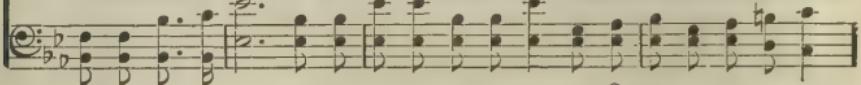
Philip S. Kerr.



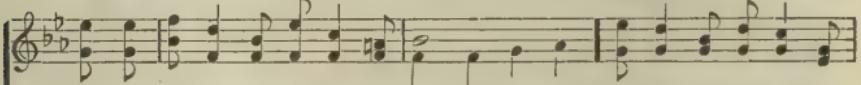
1. Be not weary or cast down, Drive away that worried frown, There are blessings un-
 2. If your trials seem too hard, Just look up and trust the Lord, There are blessings un-
 3. Tho' you often tempted be, Trust the Man of Cal-va - ry, There are blessings un-



numbered just ahead; Jesus knows what's best for you, He will lead you safely thro',
 numbered just ahead; Tho' the dark clouds gather fast, They will disappear at last,
 numbered just ahead; Take the prom-is-es di-vine, Sing and pray and shout and shine,



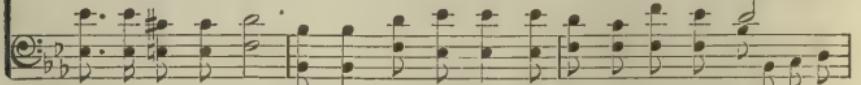
CHORUS.



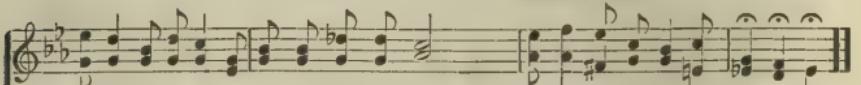
There are blessings unnumbered a-head. (my brother.) Blessings unnumbered are



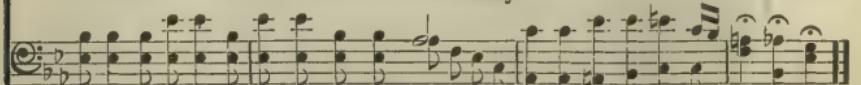
just a-head for you, Blessings from heaven, if you be firm and true;
 be-lieve it;



much slower.



Jesus is willing, for you His blood was shed, Blessings abundant are just ahead.
 and many



NOTE.—An effective result is obtained in the chorus if someone with a high voice sings or hums the alto line an octave higher.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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Harry Dixon Loes.



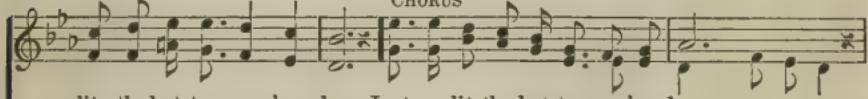
1. There are man-y hearts of sor-row here be - low, They are burdened with their
 2. There are man-y on the pathway lone and drear, Walk-ing dai - ly in the
 3. There are sin-ners you can help for Je-sus' sake, Till the path of sin and



wea - ri-ness and woe; You can make their pathway brighter as you go—Just a
 path of doubt and fear; You can make their lonely hearts resound with cheer—Just a
 sor - row they for-sake; There are oth-ers on the jour-ney you can make Just a



CHORUS



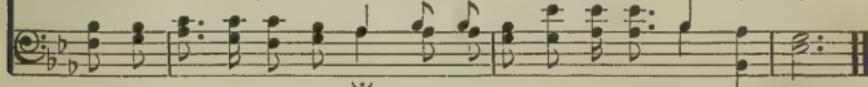
lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day. Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day,
 Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day,



Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day; Make the world where'er you go,
 Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day;



With its sor - row, grief and woe, Just a lit - tle bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

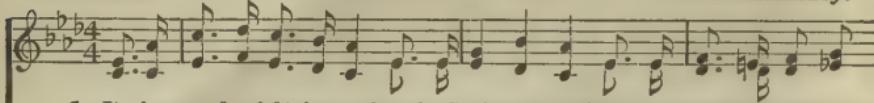


Since His Love Found Me.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



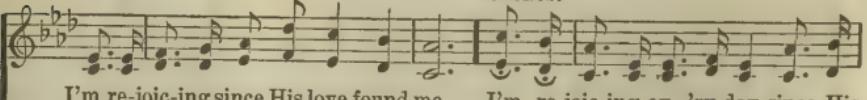
1. It is won-der-ful to know that the Savior came, That He cleansed my heart and
2. It is sweet to know that He is my dear-est Friend, All my pain and sor-row
3. I have found for me a place in the ranks of God, May I ev - er faith-ful



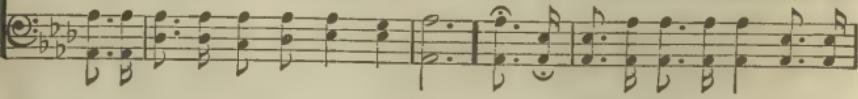
set me free; I will sing a song of praise to His Ho - ly name,
He doth see; And I know that He will keep me un - to the end,
to Him be; Tho' it means to tread the path that the Sav - ior trod,



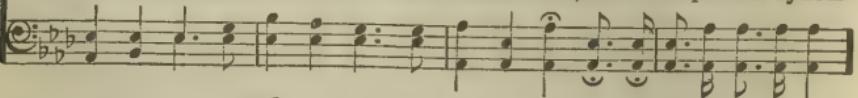
CHORUS.



I'm re-joic-ing since His love found me. I'm re-joic-ing ev 'ry day since His



love found me, His love found me, His love found me; And He keeps me ev 'ry hour



By His grace and pow'r, I'm re - joic - ing since His love found me.



The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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J. H. Fillmore.

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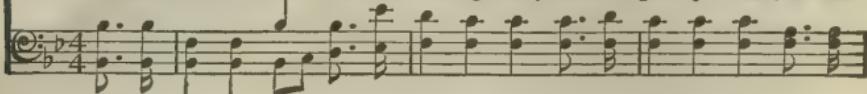
W. A. O.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. A. Ogden.



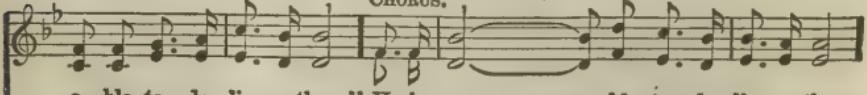
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



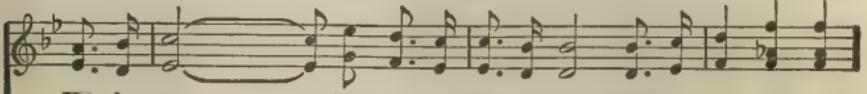
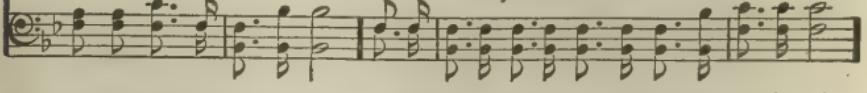
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



CHORUS.



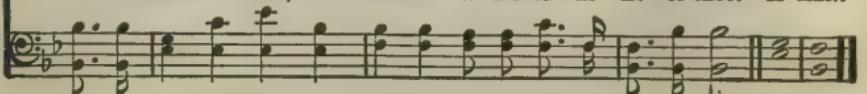
a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - - able to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble



He is a - - - - - able to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a - ble, He is a - ble



Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A-MEN.



9 A Shelter In the Time of Storm.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. There's a cleft in the Rock, there's a hid-ing place Where the storms of life can-
 2. He's an an-chor se-ure, He will hold me fast Un- der-neath His ev- er-
 3. Come a-way, come a-way from the wrecks of sin, Leave the world with all its

not a - larm; Thro' the dark-ness and gloom Jesus shows His face, He's a
 last-ing arm; Tho' the tem-pest may roar 'mid the tem-pest blast, He's a
 sin - ful charm; Turn to Christ, trust in Him, He will let you in, He's a

CHORUS.

shel-ter in the time of storm. He's a shel-ter in the time of

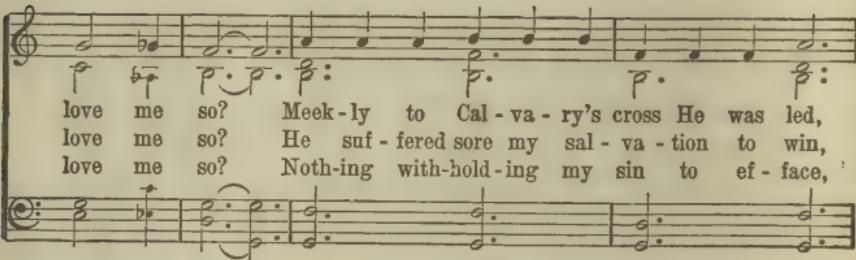
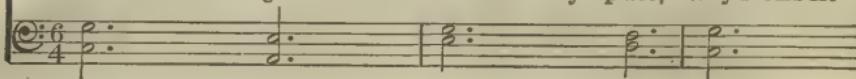
storm, . . . He's a shel-ter in the time of storm; . . . He will
 of storm, of storm;

safe-ly keep me from all a-larm, He's a shel-ter in the time of storm.

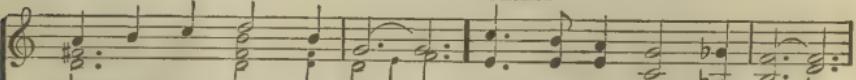
R. H.

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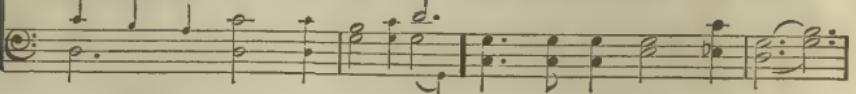
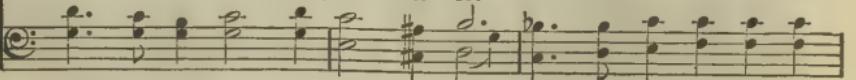
Robert Harkness.



CHORUS



Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so? . . .

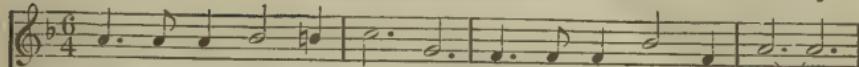
Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sav - ior to
 love me so?Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? . . .
 love me so?

Speak To My Heart.

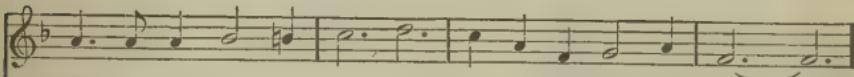
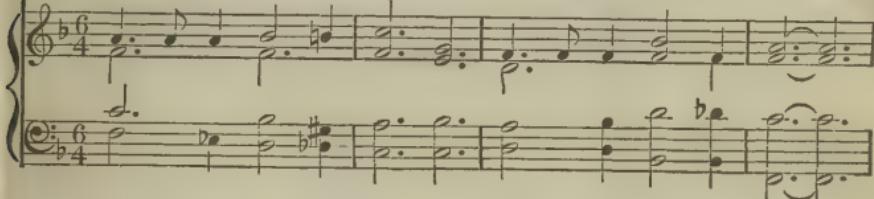
Gene Routh.

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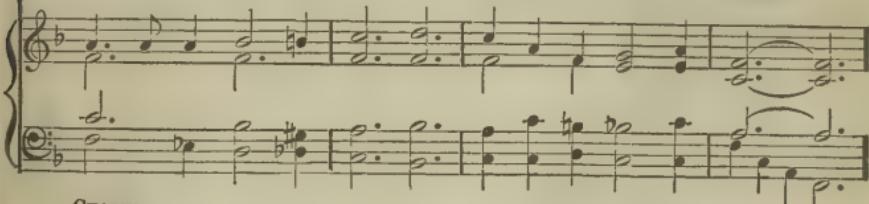
B. B. McKinney.



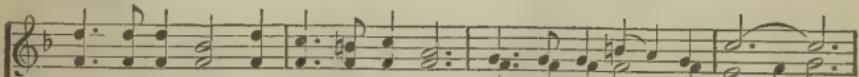
1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, It is no lon - ger mine;



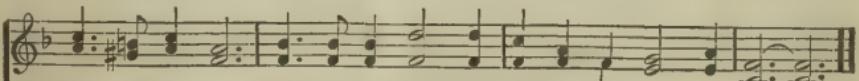
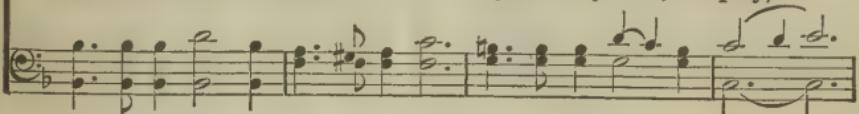
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Help me the lost to win.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, I would be whol - ly Thine.



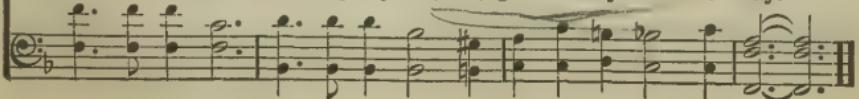
CHORUS.



Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;



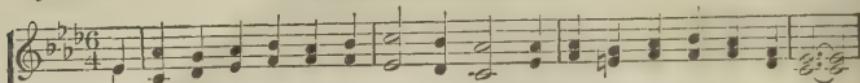
Yield - ed and still, seek - ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.



J. P. S.

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J. P. Schofield.



1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;
2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me;
3. And now I am singing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;



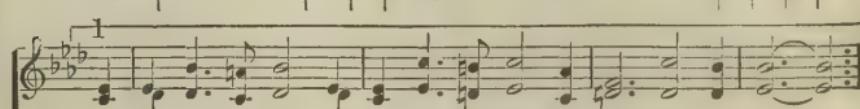
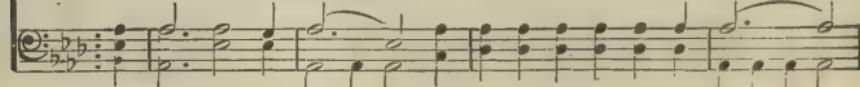
It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a bro-ken life whole.
He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-tive soul free.
Now He is my Shepherd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.



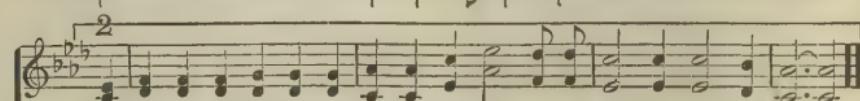
CHORUS.



His love won my heart, . . . A love that will nev-er de - part; . . .
yes, won my heart, . . . no, nev-er de-part;



He took sin a-way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.



I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.



No Longer Lonely.

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Robert Harkness.

R. H.

1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
 2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the
 3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not

vine; Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon-ger
 end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger
 fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon-ger

lone-ly, for He is mine....
 lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
 lone-ly! He will be near....

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;.... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger
 to me;

lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
 of friends to me.

S. L.

*Rather slowly.*COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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Scott Lawrence.

1. Whis-per a prayer in the morn-ing, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whis-per a prayer at the noon-time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whis-per a prayer at the twi-light, Aft-er the day's work is done,

Why fear the fight, In your bat-tle for right, When you know He will
 Look un-to Him, Who can con-quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
 No oth-er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je-sus, the

CHORUS.

lead all the way?

Him thou art strong. Whis-per a prayer, Just whis-per a prayer,
 Cru-ci-fied One.

E-ven a whis-per He'll hear o-ver there; Vic-t'ry is thine, In His

love so sub-lime, When to Je-sus you whis-per a prayer.

In the Garden.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in F major. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the chorus section starting with a repeat sign and a bass line. The score is written for a three-part vocal arrangement.

James Rowe.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
 2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
 3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways

nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
 Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus-es Him to sev - er

CHORUS.

And will keep His prom-ise to me.
 Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
 From the ones who hon-or His name. His

me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
 prom-ise to me, He will go;

bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.

S. C. Kirk.

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1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
 2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
 3. Night soon comes on a-pace, Day hastens by; Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
 Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblest, All that we
 Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweetrest, Which God has

CHORUS.

praise of man, But for the Lord.
 think or do, Be it the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be blest,
 promised those Who do their best.

But He asks from ev-'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,

These may be small, But un - to Him is due Our best, our all.

Gipsy Simon Smith.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Be - yond the clouds the sun doth shine, A - mid earth's sor - rows,
 2. Be - yond the quick - ly pass - ing years, Be-yond the sigh - ing
 3. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, I safe shall be in

love di - vine; And tho' we may not un - der - stand, Be - yond it
 and the tears, Oh, bliss - ful tho't to con - tem - plate! Sweet rest a -
 heav'n's do - main, Be - yond the veil of mys - ter - y; At last my

CHORUS.

all, God's guid - ing hand.
 waits, thro' heav-en's gate. Say - ior I shall see.

Be - yond the shad - ows, be - yond the

shad - ows, At home with Christ whom I a - dore; Be - yond the

shad - ows, be-yond the shad-ows, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.

19 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
 3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
 nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
 Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
 leads home, leads home;

sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. Tho' the path of life seems hard and long, Still with-in my heart there
2. Why should I lose faith tho' cares be - set? Nev-er will my bless - ed
3. There's a hap - py tho't my spir - it cheers, Driv-ing from my soul all



rings a song; Tho' sur-round - ed oft by man - y foes, Some-where
Lord for - get; Light-er ev - 'ry bur - den dai - ly grows, Some-where
doubts and fears; 'Round my path a gleam of sun-shine throws, Some-where

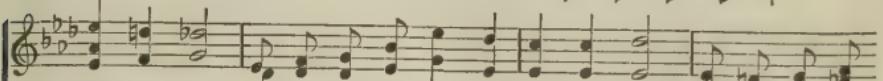
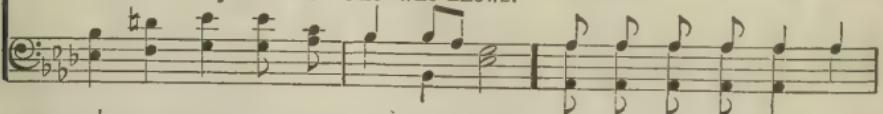
CHORUS.



on the way there is One who knows.

on the way there is One who knows. Somewhere on the way— the

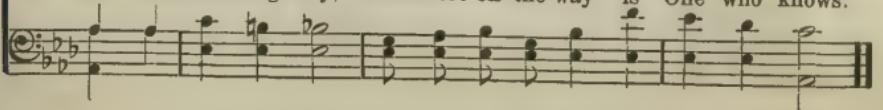
on the way there is One who knows.



wind-ing way, Sweet-er ev - 'ry day His presence grows: Somewhere on the



way— the wind - ing way, Somewhere on the way is One who knows.



21 Have You Counted Your Blessings To-day?

Rev. H. H. McGaughy.

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Jesse B. Thomas.



6 8

1. Have you count-ed the bless-ings from Je - sus to - day, Or count-ed naught
2. Have you tho't of the bless-ings that bright-en your life, Or on - ly of
3. If you'll add up your bless-ings from Je - sus to - day, Then add up your



2 6 8

but gloom and rain? Have you tho't of the sun-shine that lights up your way, Or
toil and de - spair? Do you on - ly count troub-le and sad wea - ry strife, Or
troubl-es and woe, You will thank the dear Sav-ior each step of the way For



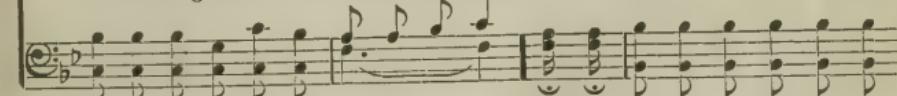
CHORUS



6 8

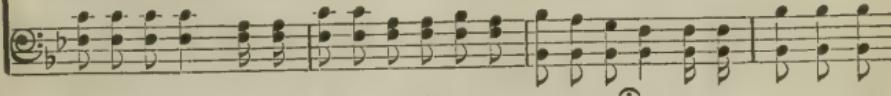
have they been sent all in vain?(all in vain?) Have you counted your blessings to-
do you trust God and His care?(and His care?)
won - der-ful gifts He be-stows.(He be-stows.)

your



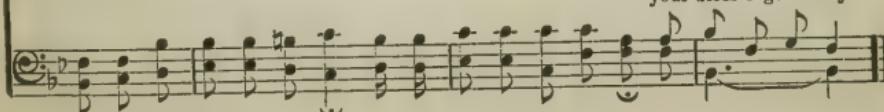
2 6 8

day? Have you counted your blessings to-day? Have you thanked the dear
bless-ings to-day? your bless-ings to-day?



2 6 8

Sav - ior for gifts from a-bove? Have you counted your blessings to-day?
your bless-ings to-day?



2 6 8

George O. Webster.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



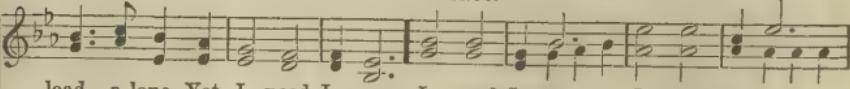
1. I need Je-sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in times of
 2. I need Je-sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of
 3. I need Je-sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the



deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' some may bear their life are dim; I need Je-sus, when foes my soul assail; A - lone I know I sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So con-stant, kind, so



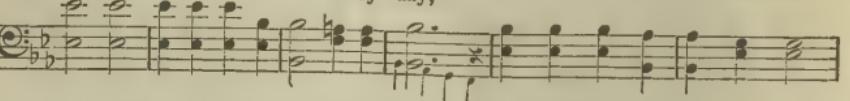
CHORUS.



load a-lone, Yet I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus, can but fail, So I need Je-sus. strong and true, Yes, I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus with me, I need Je-sus al-ways,



I need Je-sus ev'-ry day; Need Him in the sun-shine hour, ev'-ry day;



Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev'ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je-sus.

23 What a Wonderful Time That Will Be.

Dora E. Bowman.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. When I have en-tered the har-bor at last, And all of life's
2. When I have land-ed up-on that fair shore, Where billows can
3. Moth-er will meet me with arms o-pen wide, And fa-ther who

sor-rows are past; When the great cit-y of God I shall see,
sweep me no more, Je-sus my Sav-ior will there wel-come me;
walks by her side; Man-y dear loved ones a-gain I shall see;

CHORUS.

What a won-der-ful time that will be.
What a won-der-ful time that will be. What a won-der-ful time that will
What a won-der-ful time that will be.

be,..... When the face of my Sav-ior I see;..... No sor-row, no
will be, I see;

sigh-ing, No sickness, no dy-ing, What a won-der-ful time that will be.

C. S. N.

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WENONAH, N. J.

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.



1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him



Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car-ry
peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways

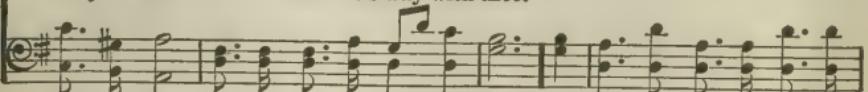


CHORUS.

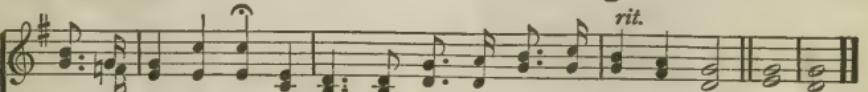
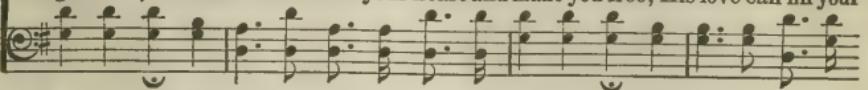


all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.

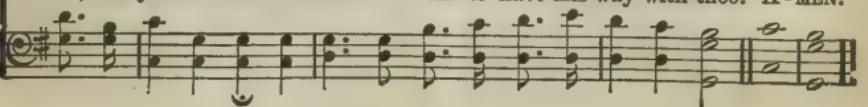
nev-er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your



soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A-MEN.



25 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I was drift-ing far from the "Bea - con Star," Clouds of sin had
2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll

cov - ered the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
um - phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
ev - er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

CHORUS.

And His love came shin-ing thro'.
And His love came shin-ing thro'. Since His love came shining through,
Since His love came shin-ing thro'. shining through,

I've a joy that's al - ways new; al - ways new; All the clouds are

lift - ed And my bur - dens lift - ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

S. F. Bennett.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;

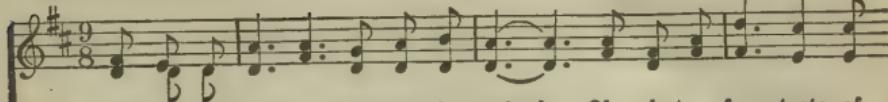
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A-MEN.
 In the sweet by and by,

Blessed Assurance.

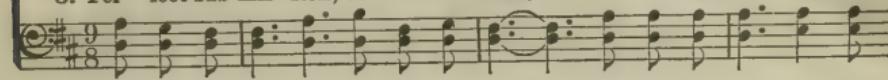
Fanny J. Crosby.

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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

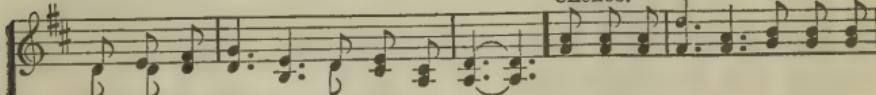


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iор am



glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

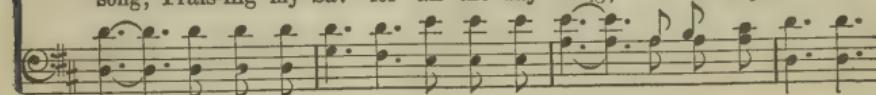
CHORUS.



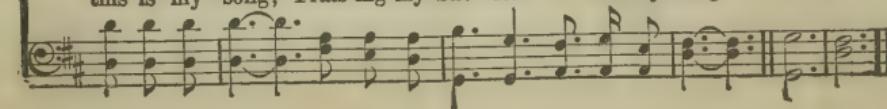
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-per-s of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iор all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iор all the day long. A-MEN.



A. S. R.

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1. Ten - der - ly the voice of Je - sus came to me; Told me how my
 2. What had I to which my sin - ful soul could cling? Yet He bade me
 3. Now my Lord and I en - joy com-mun-ion sweet; Now He bids me

guilt - y soul might ransomed be; O what joy since I received His gift so free;
 come tho' I had naught to bring. Thus I came, and now with rapture I can sing
 cast my bur-dens at His feet; Now each day with joy my prais-es I re-peat,

CHORUS.

O what peace and wondrous vic-to - ry!

Songs of praise to my e - ter-nal King. One glad day my Savior washed my
 And in glo - ry, some day, we shall meet. glad day,

sins a-way; One glad day when I had wandered far a-stray; One glad day
 glad day

He taught me how to watch and pray; One glad day I'll dwell with Him al - way.

Get God's Sunshine.

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Robert Harkness.

R. H.

1. Trust-ing Je-sus, won-der-ful Guide, In His keep-ing
 2. Won-drous prom-ise He will ful-fill, Glad-ly do-ing
 3. Friend of sin-ners, ev-er the same, Will-ing Sav-iour,

safe-ly a-bide, Joys e-ter-nal He will im-part,
 His ho-ly will, Peace un-end-ing He will im-part,
 praise His dear name, Full for-giv-ness He will im-part,

CHORUS.

Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.

Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart. Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart,
 Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.

Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the

gloom of life a-way, If you get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.

E. E. Hewitt.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. No set - ting sun, no fad - ing ray, In that fair
 2. No sob - bing heart, no wea - ry sigh, No sor - row
 3. No taint of sin, no sad fare - well, Where with the

land of per - fect day; No fall - ing leaf, no droop - ing
 there, no tear - ful eye; In that bright home joy reigns su -
 Lord His ran - somed dwell; Dear Sav - ior, bring us safe - ly

CHORUS.

flow'r, No cloud - ed sky, no part - ing hour.

preme, Each breath a song, and love the theme. No set - ting sun, no fad - ing
 there, To see Thy face Thy beau - ty wear.

ray, For in that land of per - fect day Shines on un -

dimmed the liv - ing Light; Where Je - sus is can come no night.

31 I Have a New Song In My Heart.

E. C. Baird.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I have a new song in my heart to - day, A song of
2. I have a new song in my heart to - day, A song of
3. I have a new song in my heart to - day, A song of

glad-ness and peace; For Je - sus has ta - ken my sins a - way,
vic - t'ry and light; I walk in His love and His word o - bey,
glo - ry and love; Soon I shall go home with my Lord to stay,

CHORUS.

And caused my sor - rows to cease.
His hand is lead - ing me right. I have a new song, a
To reign for - ev - er a - bove.

won-der - ful song, I have a new song in my heart! Its mel - o - dy

sweet no tongue can re - peat, This song that I have in my heart!

He Lives On High.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Words by
B. B. McKinney.Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
 2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
 3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-demp-tion from

lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
 land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
 sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a

glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
 mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.
 bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o - ver sin and all its

stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.

My Desire.

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J. P. S.

Spirited.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I want my life to glo - ri - fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might mag - ni - fy the Sav - ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He can save; I want to help to

3 CHORUS.

Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro - claim. I want to live as
 day; I want to be a light to oth - ers on their way.

Je - sus lived, I want to love as Je - sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and

please Him in ev - 'ry - thing; I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He's my Lord and King.

L. S. L.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Lida Shivers Leech.

1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your mon - ey,
 2. When my wav - ring faith in tri - als fal - ter, When His guid - ing
 3. I have yield - ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or

tal - ents, time and love; Con - se-crate them all up - on the
 hand I can - not see, Then in won - drous love and ten - der
 have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him can

al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a - bove speaks sweet - ly,
 mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just
 sev - er, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just

REFRAIN.

Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see
 Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,

If a bless-ing, un-meas-ured bless-ing, I will not pour out on thee.

James Rowe.

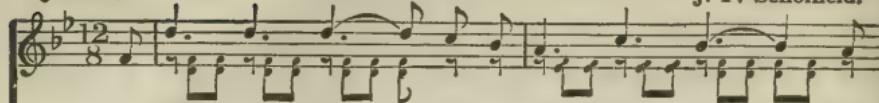
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,
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Howard E. Smith.

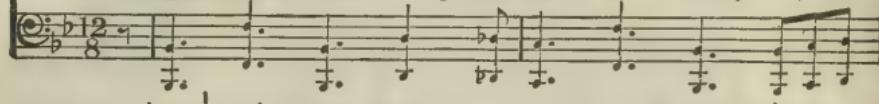
CHORUS.

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. I've found a Friend... who is all to me,... His
 2. He saves me from... ev-'ry sin and harm,... Se-
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In



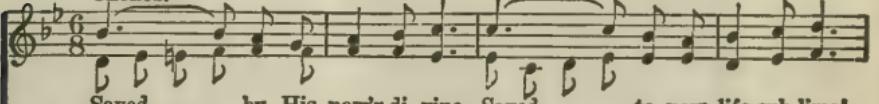
love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell... how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong... on His
 love He said to me, "Come un - to Me.... and I'll



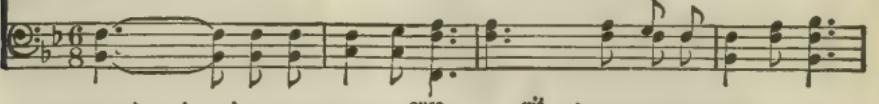
lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....
 might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
 lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.".....



CHORUS.



Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,



cres. rit.

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!



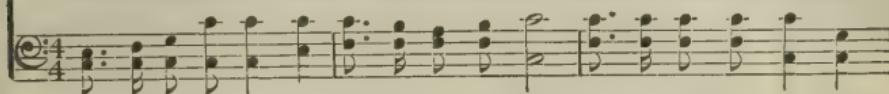
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. Sol - diers in the ar - my of the King di - vine, Stand-ing in your pla - ces
2. Press the bat-tle on-ward, tho' the foe is strong; Lift your ban - ner high - er,
3. When the war is o - ver and the vic - t'ry won, When the faith-ful sol-diers

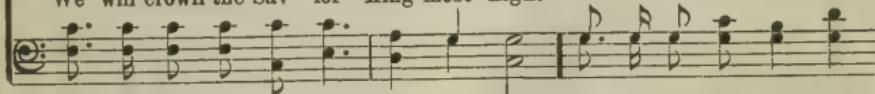


on the fir - ing line, See the sig - nal wav-ing from the Cap-tain high;
 rout the gi - ant Wrong; Je - sus is the Cap-tain, on His strength re-ly;
 gath - er one by one, In the home e - ter - nal up a-bove the sky,

CHORUS.



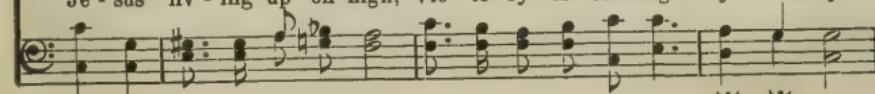
Vic - to - ry is com - ing by and by. Vic - to - ry is com - ing,
 Vic - to - ry is com - ing by and by. Vic - to - ry is com - ing,
 We will crown the Sav - ior King most high.



sound the bat-tle cry, Lift the Gospel ban-ner to the sky; Thro' the blood of



Je - sus liv - ing up on high, Vic - to - ry is com - ing by and by.

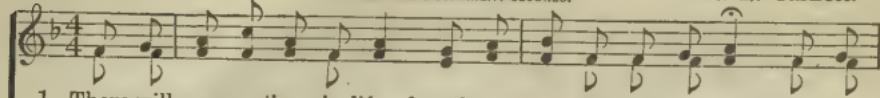


38 He'll Make the Sun Shine Brightly.

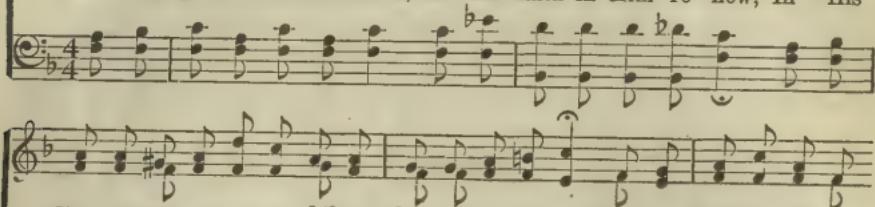
E. L. C.

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E. L. Carnett.

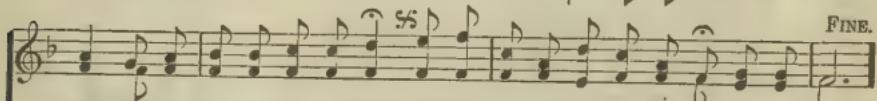


1. There will come a time in life, when the world seems dark and drear, When your
2. When your loved ones leave this earth, and your hopes are rent in twain, When you
3. Let us put our trust in Christ, and our faith in Him re-new, In His



sor-rows are so man-y, and the world won't seem to care; Turn a-side from pain and feel al-most discouraged and you think you live in vain; Put your trust in Christ so serv-ice nev-er fal-ter, but we'll la-bor and be true; Soon our working will be

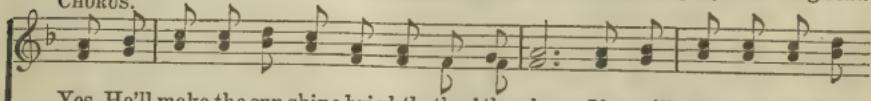
FINE.



grief, Turn to Je-sus for re-lief, And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom. dear, For you'll find He's always near, And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom. past, We shall see His face at last, Then He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.

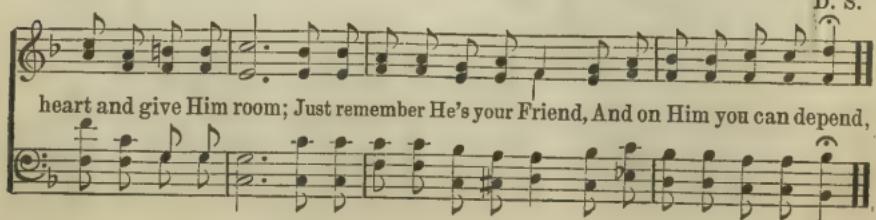
D. S.—*And He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom.*

CHORUS.



Yes, He'll make the sun shine brightly thro' the gloom, If you'll o - pen up your

D. S.



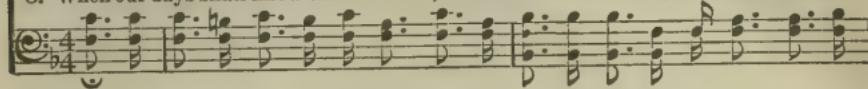
39 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DION DE MARBELLE.

Dion De Marbelle.



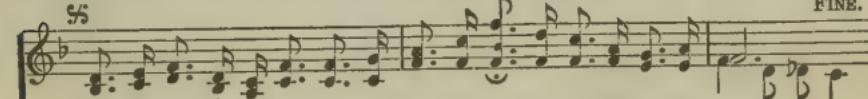
1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev- er, And we
 2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
 3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the



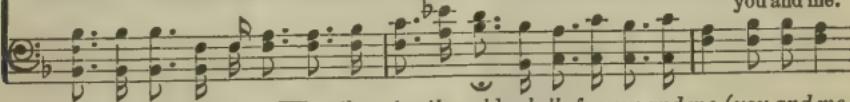
on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
 barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
 King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall



FINE.



dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 you and me.

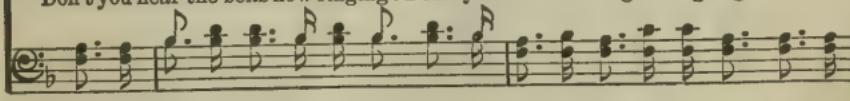


D.S.-yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)

CHORUS.



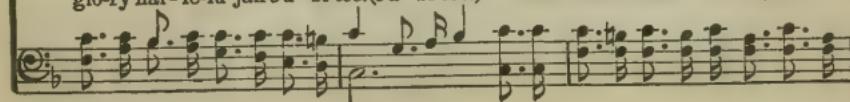
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



D. S.



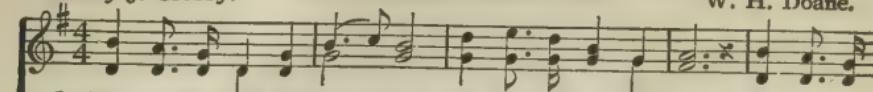
glo-ry hal - le-lu-jah Ju - bi-lee. (Ju - bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-



Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

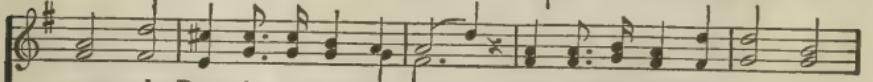
W. H. Doane.



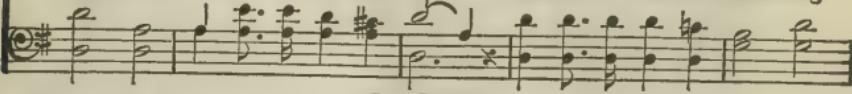
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



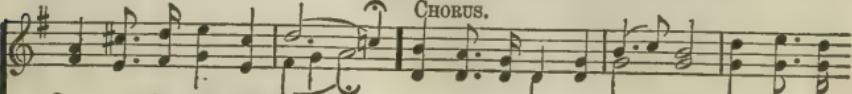
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with



an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
 pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



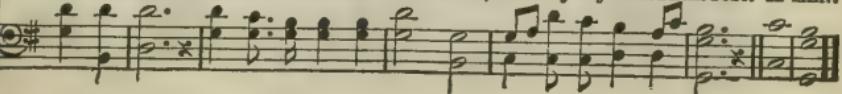
CHORUS.



O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
 On - ly a few more tears! . . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
 Break on the gold-en shore. . . .



gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.



41 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS.

B. D. Ackley.

1. We're "counting" the blessings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for

mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
- sin - ners, good-will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from

prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

CHORUS.

Some-bod - y else needs a bless - ing, Some-bod - y else needs a bless - ing; We'll

let our lights shine to His glo - ry di-vine, Some-bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

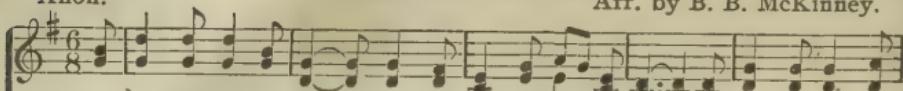
The Life-Boat.

My Mother's favorite song.—B. B. McK.

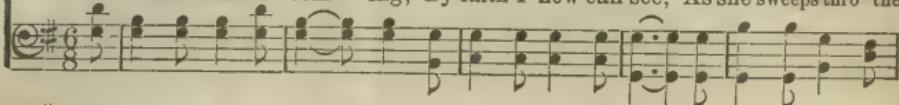
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1928, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Anon.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The stormy clouds of
 2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour - aged, And tho't it all in vain For us to live a
 3. The life-boat soon is com - ing, By faith I now can see, As she sweeps thro' the

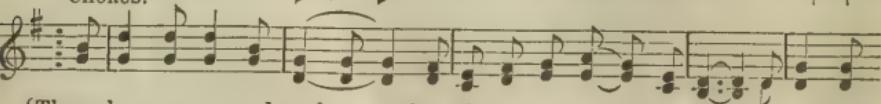


dark - ness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us all take cour - age, For
 Christian life, And walk in Je - sus' name. But then we heard the Master say, "I'll
 wa - ters To res - cue you and me. And land us safe - ly in the port With

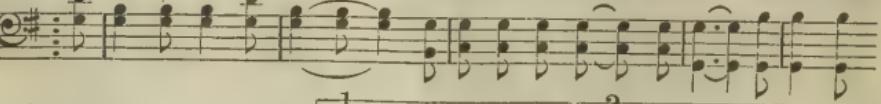


we're not left a - lone; The life-boat soon is com-ing To gather the jew-els home.
 lend a helping hand; And if you'll on - ly trust Me I'll guide you to that land."
 friends we love so dear. "Get ready," cries the Captain. Oh! look, she is almost here.

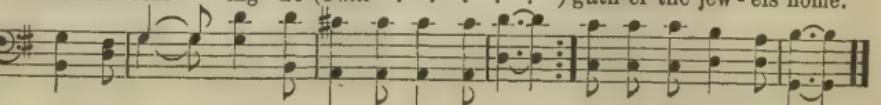
CHORUS.



{Then cheer, my comrades, cheer, Our tri - als will soon be o'er, Our loved ones
 {We're pilgrims and we're strangers here, We're seeking a cit - y to come, The life - boat



we will meet, will meet Up - on the gold-en shore;
 soon is com - ing To (Omit) gath-er the jew - els home.



Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
 { Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

44 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'erer whom I should seek.
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho'dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust-ing my all un-to Thy care, I know Thou lov-est me!

FINE

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*
REFRAIN.

D.S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

Be My Guide.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be my Guide, Thou great Je-ho-vah! As I trav - el thro' this life, Throw a -
 2. O'er the straight and narrow pathway, Without Thee I can - not go, For I
 3. I shall nev - er be con-found-ed By the foes I'm sure to meet, If Thou

round me Thy pro-tec-tion, Fit me for its care and strife; Be my tow'r of
 find so man - y by-ways Bright with pleasures' gleam and glow; When in doubt and
 wilt, O Guide of A - ges, Mark the pathway for my feet; Then when I have

strength and wisdom; Lead me when my feet would stray; Feed me with Thy heav'nly
 fear I fal-ter, Then I need Thy watchful care; Need Thy hand to share my
 gone the jour-ney, And have safe-ly reached the goal, I will bless Thy name for-

REFRAIN. (Arranged.)

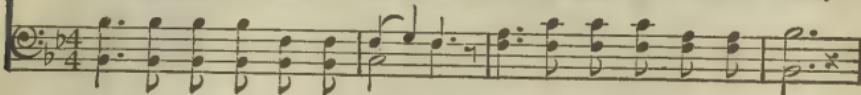
man - na, Strengthen me from day to day. "Bread of heav - en! Feed me
 bur - den, Need Thy grace my cross to bear. "Strong De-liv -'rer! Be Thou
 ev - er, In the Home - land of the soul. "Songs of prais - es I will
 till I want no more; Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more."
 still my strength and shield; Strong De-liv -'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield."
 ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee."

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.



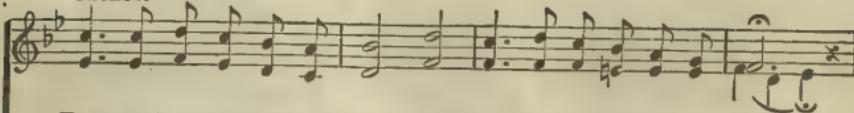
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;



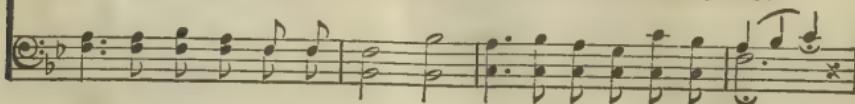
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?
 But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
 Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



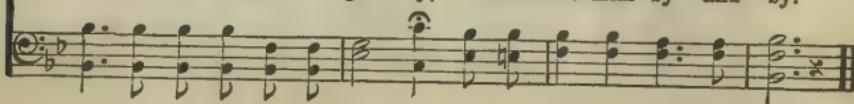
CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;....



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



The Name of Jesus.

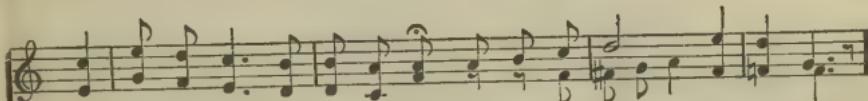
COPYRIGHT, 1901 AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ.
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Rev. W. C. Martin.

E. S. Lorenz.

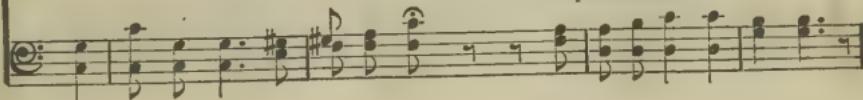


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and com-plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anx-i-ous fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu-sic dries the fall-en tear: Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its prais-es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

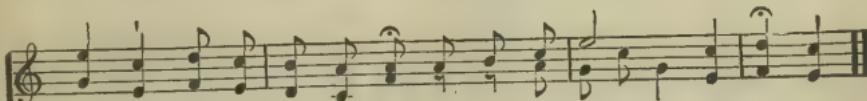
1. The precious name



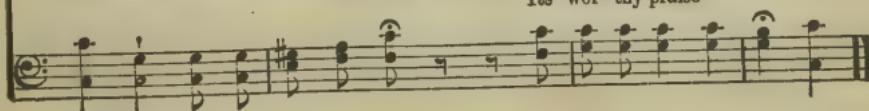
CHORUS.



"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise



Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



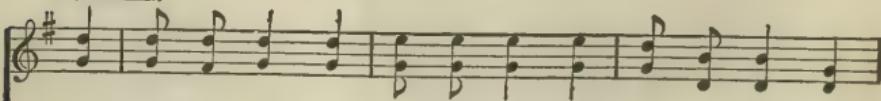
1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.



REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A - MEN.



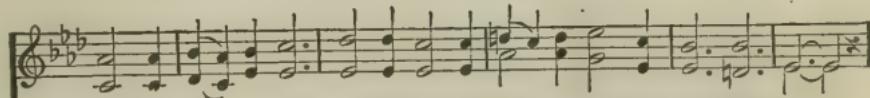
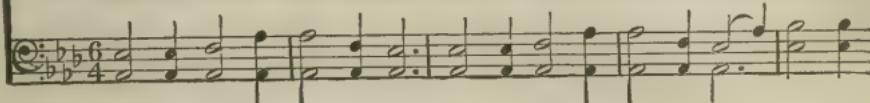
Mary A. Lathbury.

Evening Praise. 7s. 4.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
 3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



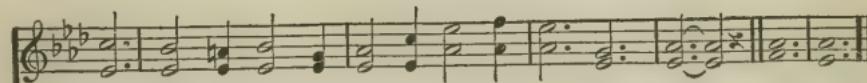
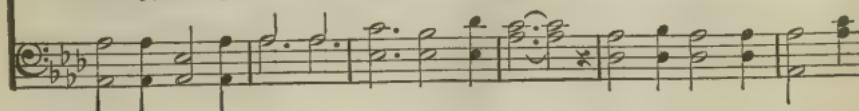
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!



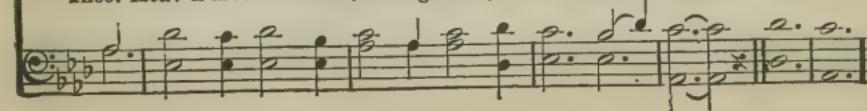
REFRAIN.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of



Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.



Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.
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Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. *pp*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m.*

Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . . .
Come home, . . . come home.

Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling. O sinner, come home! A-MEN

Palmer Hartsough.

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RENEWAL

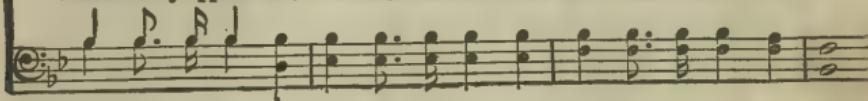
J. H. Fillmore.



1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;



Things that are higher, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
 He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.

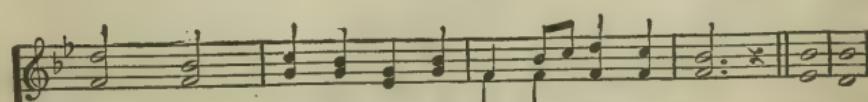


CHORUS.

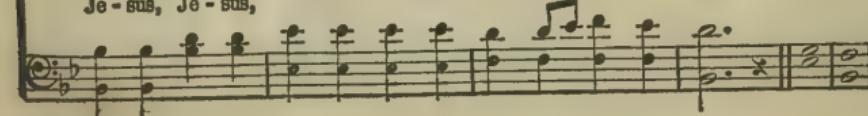


I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
 I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;

Has-ten glad and free;



Je - sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,



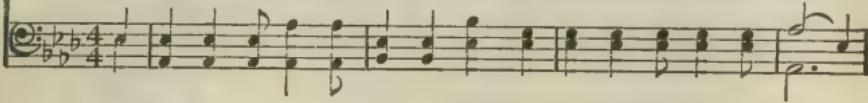
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. When you are wea-ry and sore op-prest, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis-may?



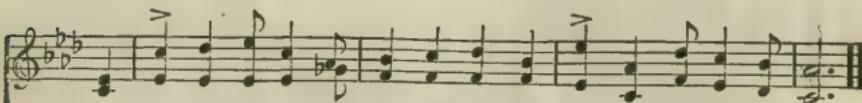
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a-way.
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.



CHORUS.



Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;)



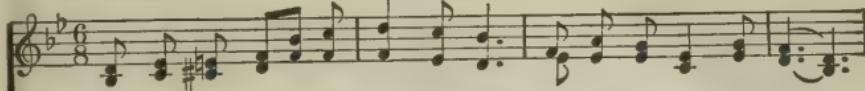
Have faith in Je-sus from day to day, And pray your troubles a-way.



C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.



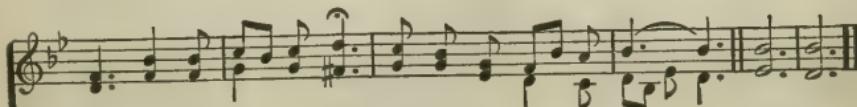
Be -neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



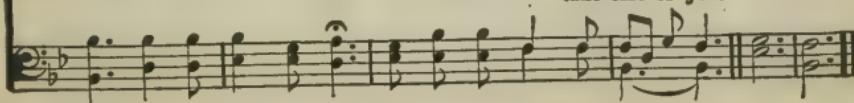
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev -'ry day, O'er all the way;



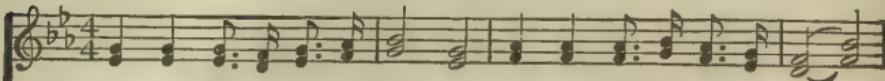
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.



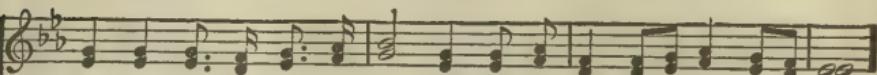
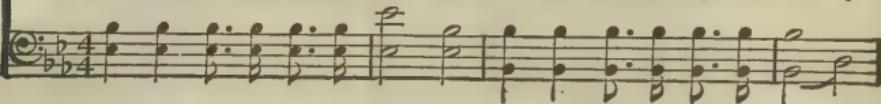
Robert Lowry.

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Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.



B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth- ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be - fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be-yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith - ful, be brave and true,

Be clean and pure with-out, with - in, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth - ers see Je - sus in you?
 To find some souls that you have won; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.

CHORUS.

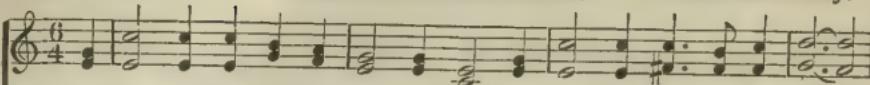
Let oth-ers see Je - sus in you,..... Let oth-ers see Je - sus in you;.....
 in you, in you;

Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faithful and true, Let oth-ers see Je - sus in you.

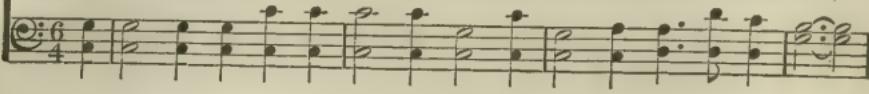
Gene Routh.

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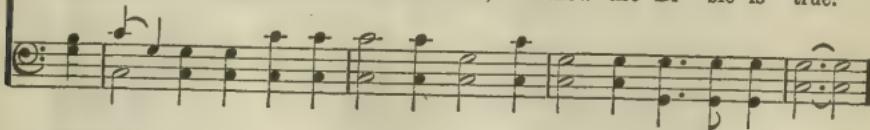
B. B. McKinney.



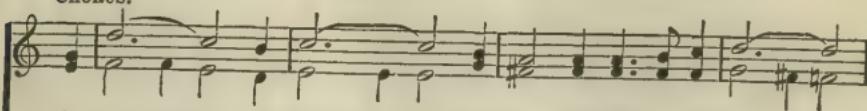
1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes - sage old, but still new,



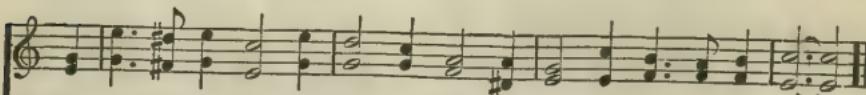
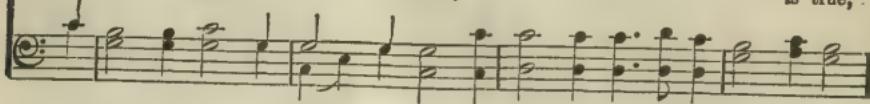
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
 His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re - turn to the earth.
 It finds me, com - forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
 Its truth is sweet - er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.



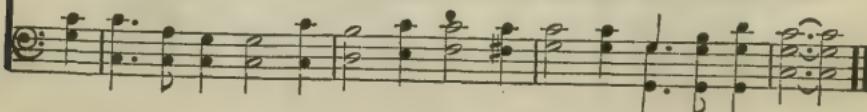
CHORUS.



I know, . . . I know, . . . I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .
 I know, I know, I know, . . . is true; . . .



Di - vine - ly in - spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.



Rev. W. C. Poole.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. I will look for you up yon - der, When my days down here are o'er;
2. I will look for you up yon - der, On that won - der - ful great day,
3. I will look for you up yon - der, In the cit - y of the King,
4. I will look for you up yon - der, Will you meet me there that day?

When the roll is called in glo - ry, Will you meet me on that shore?
 When we wake at call of Je - sus, And the earth shall pass a - way.
 Thro' e - ter - ni - ty's glad a - ges, There the praise of Him to sing.
 Will we meet with Christ the Sav - ior, For - ev - er - more there to stay?

CHORUS.

At the roll call I will look for you, At the roll call
 At the roll call you may look for me, At the roll call

up a - bove the blue, When the roll is called in glo - ry, will you be there?
 I will look for you, Yes, I'll be there.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

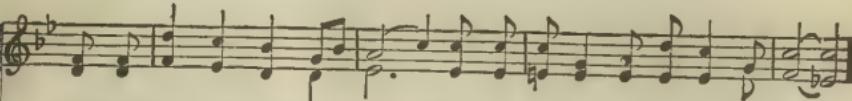
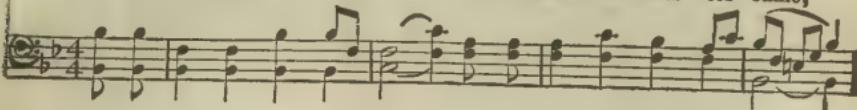
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Albert C. Fisher.

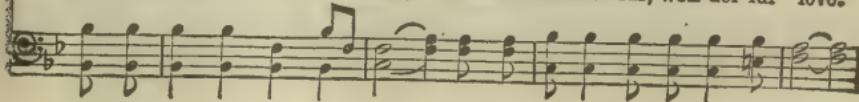
A. C. F.



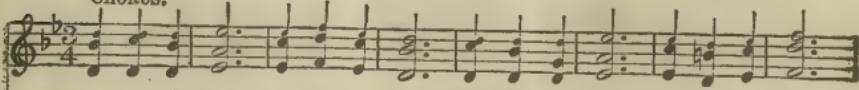
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas - ter came,



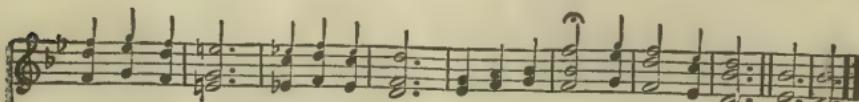
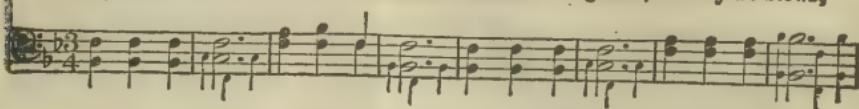
Thro' the a - ges it has shown, — 'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Sin-ners, call ye on His name, — Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



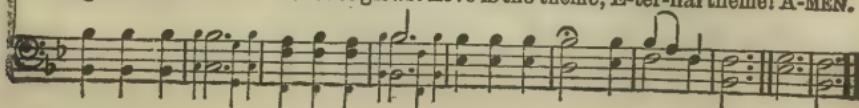
CHORUS.



Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.



Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts.

Antioch. C. M.

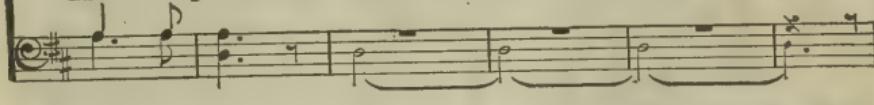
George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



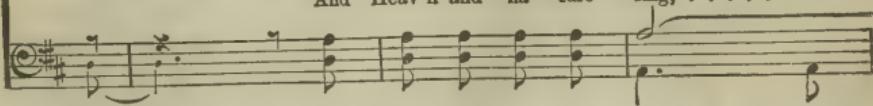
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness,



And Heav'n and na - ture sing,
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy,
 Far as the curse is found,
 And won - ders of His love,

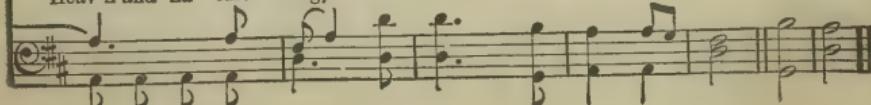
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And

And Heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His



sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.

Heav'n and na - ture sing,

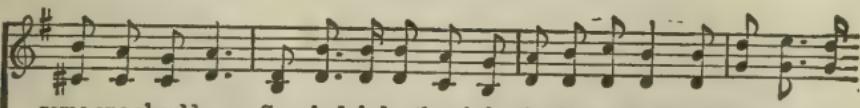


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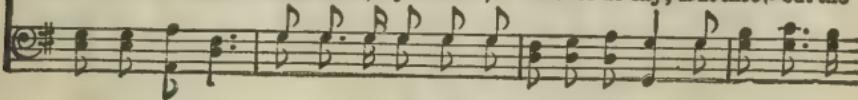
Edward S. Ufford.

E. S. Ufford.
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.

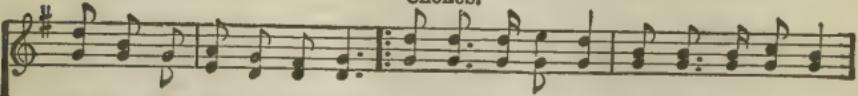
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraugt men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Seon will they drift to e -



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the lin - ger so long? Seel he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them ter - ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



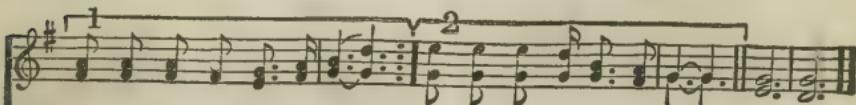
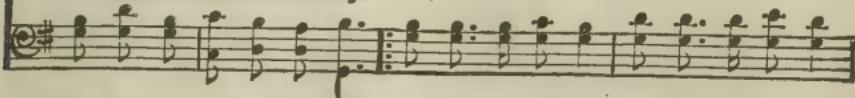
CHORUS.



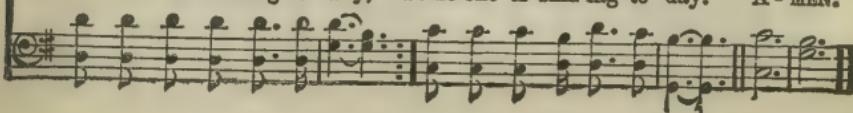
Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to-day.



Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to-day. A - MEN.



H. L. Gilmour.

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RENEWAL, H. L. GILMOUR, OWNER.

George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
 2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
 4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His

S.

sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
 hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul:
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep.

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
 The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.
 And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D.S.

soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Fanny J. Crosby.

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William H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mand s it; Strength for thy la - bor the



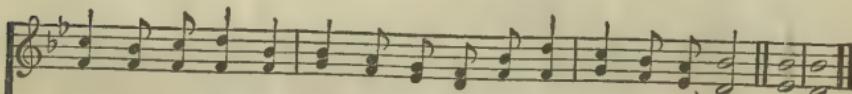
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en, child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly, grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness, Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.



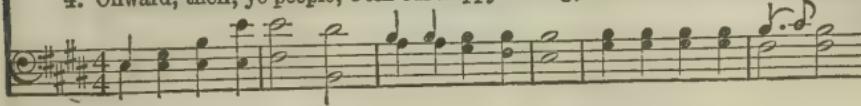
Sabine Baring-Gould.

St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.

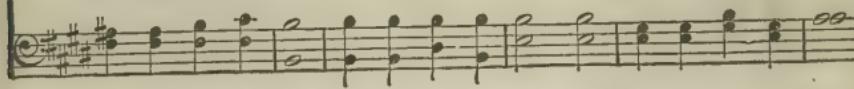
Arthur Sullivan. 1



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



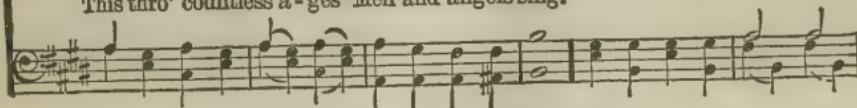
Go - ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, land, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;



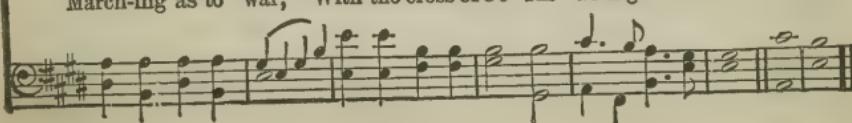
REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
 Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore! A-MEN.



64 The Son of God Goes forth to War.

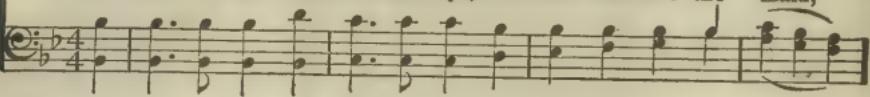
Reginald Heber.

All Saints New. C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler.



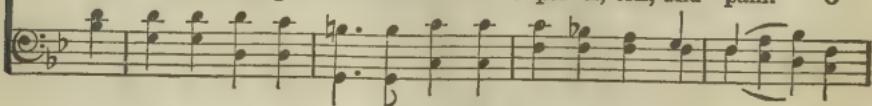
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
 3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train? Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save: Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O



pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train? bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train? God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.



A Mighty Fortress.

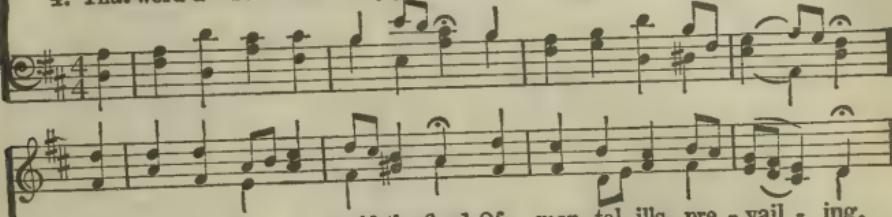
M. L.

Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.

Martin Luther.



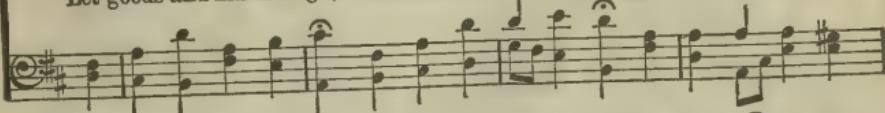
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
 4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;



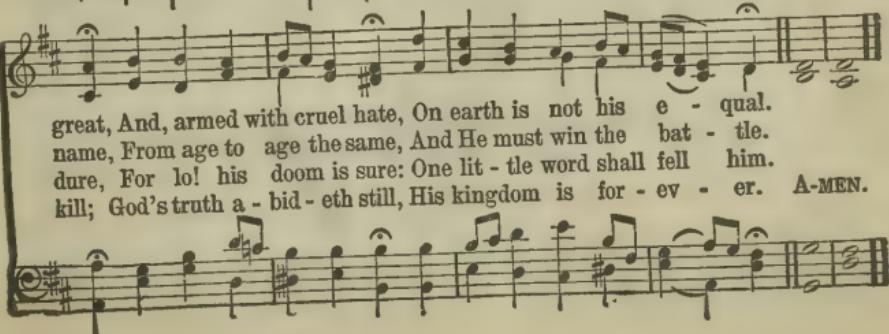
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
 The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

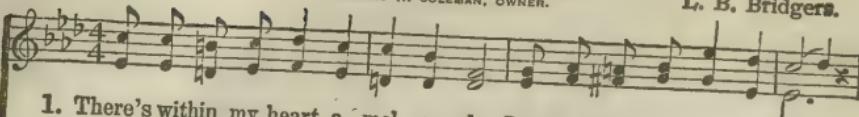


He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

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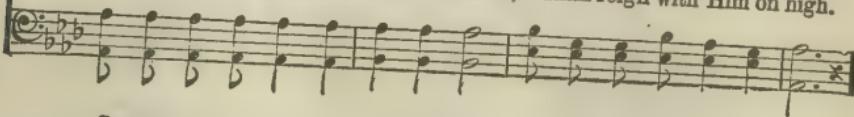
L. B. Bridgers.



1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shel'tring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-al-s fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je-sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
 Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



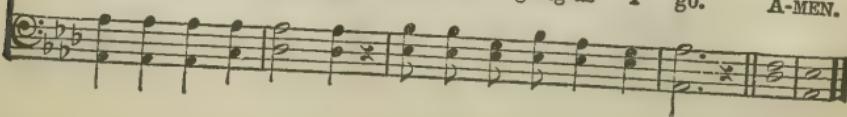
CHORUS.



Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



Fills my ev'-ry long-ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



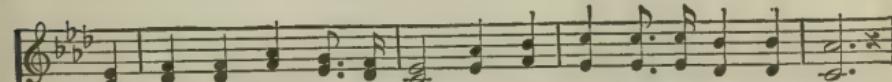
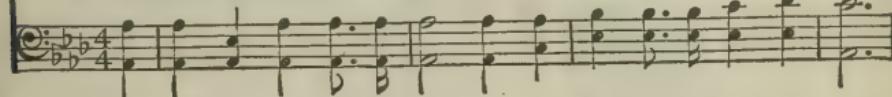
C. H. G.

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Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

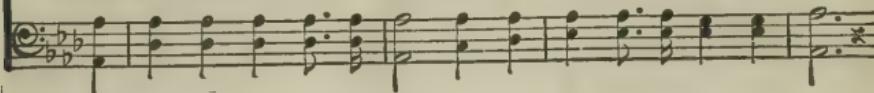
Chas. H. Gabriel.



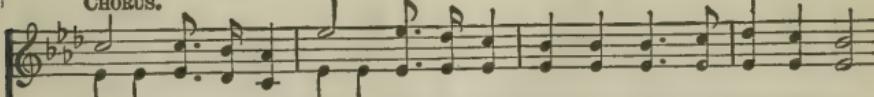
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



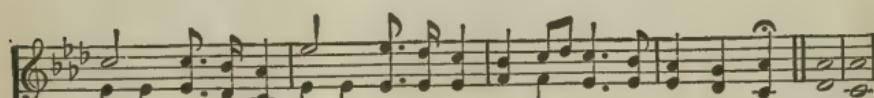
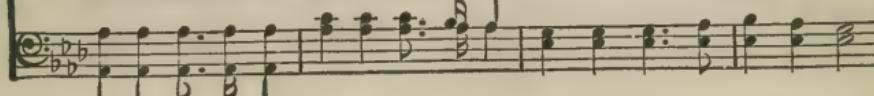
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



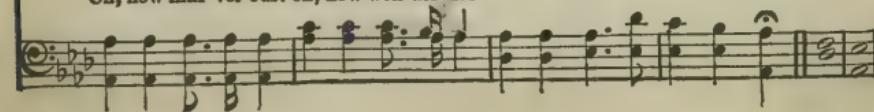
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-i-or's love for me! A-MEN.
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



William Cowper.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup ply,
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way:
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave:

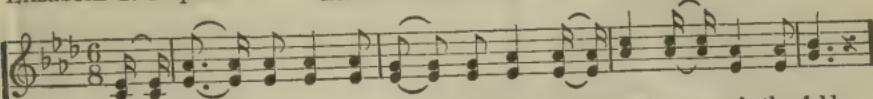
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re -
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave; When

sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A-MEN.

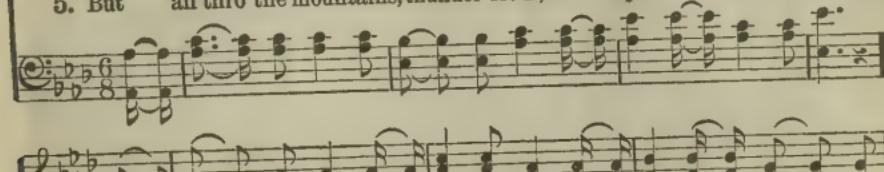
The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL.
BIGLOW AND MAIN CO., OWNER.

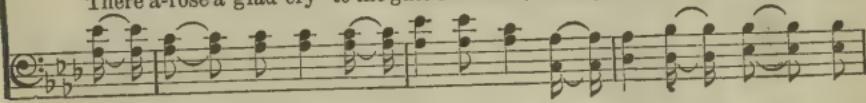
Ira D. Sankey.



1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,

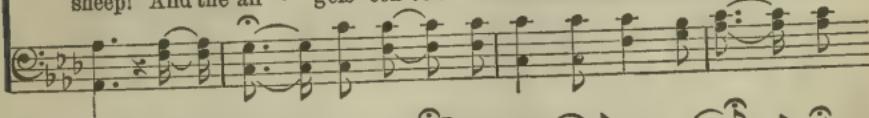


But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
 But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
 They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My

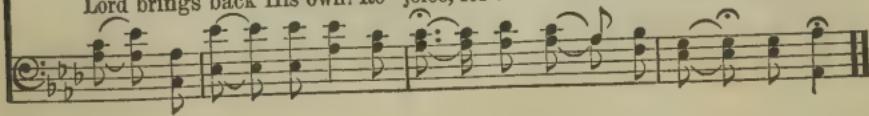


rit.

gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A-way from the
 Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 lost. Out in the des-er-t He heard its cry— Sick and
 back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to-
 sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oe'd a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the



ten - der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
 des-er-t to find My sheep, I go to the des-er-t to find My sheep."
 helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
 night by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
 Lord brings back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."



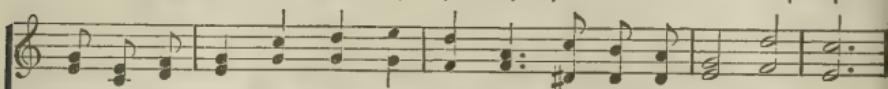
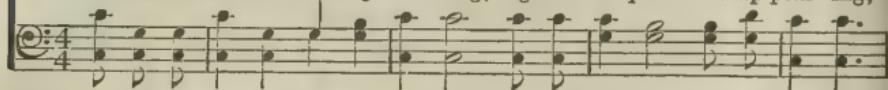
Rev. David Ross.

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B. B. McKinney.



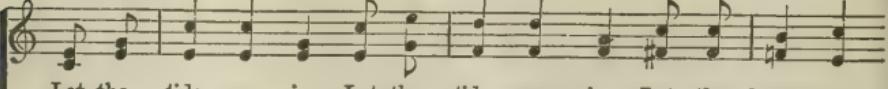
1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev'-ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheer-ing, Signs of conquest now ap-pear-ing,



Thy ran-somed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
 A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
 Thy pleading Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
 Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



CHORUS.



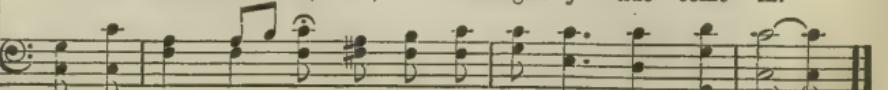
Let the tide come in, Let the tide come in, Let the cleans-ing



bil-lows sweep a-way our sin; Let the tide come in,



Let the tide come in, Oh, let the might-y tide come in.



I Shall Not Be Moved.

Arr. by B. B. McK.

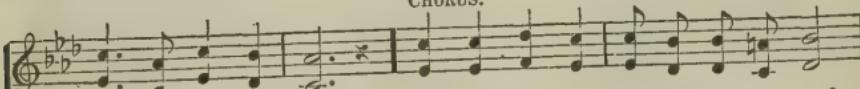
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
With courteous regard to song by Edward
Boatner, owned by S. W. Beazley Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

2. On His grace re - ly-ing, I shall not be moved; For His love un - dy-ing,
 3. With the Church I'm going, I shall not be moved; Christ to lost ones showing,
 4. From the Word e-ter - nal I shall not be moved; From its truth su-per-nal



I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,

CHORUS.



I shall not be moved. I shall not be, I shall not be moved;



I shall not be, I shall not be moved; Just like a



tree that's planted by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved.



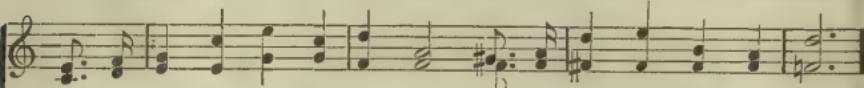
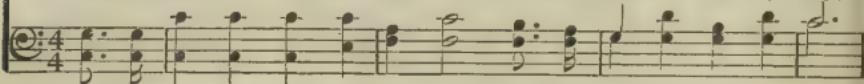
William M. Runyan.

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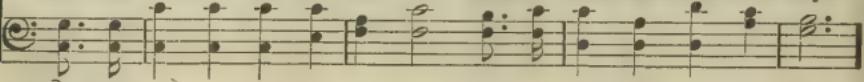
Ethel M. McKee.



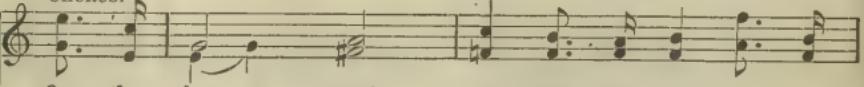
1. I am on the heav'n-ly high-way, With the Sav-i-or as my guide;
2. When He speaks temp-ta-tions leave me, At His word my sor-rows cease;
3. Hour by hour I know Him near me, And His praise I glad-ly sing;
4. There is bless-ing for the jour-ne-y, There is grace for ev'-ry day;



O, 'tis sweet to feel His pres-ence, For He's walk-ing by my side.
From the woes of life that grieve me Je-sus gives me sweet re-lease.
Heav'ly grace and mer-cy cheer me On the high-way with my King.
Turn-ing from all sin and fol-ly Seek the bless-ed home-ward way!



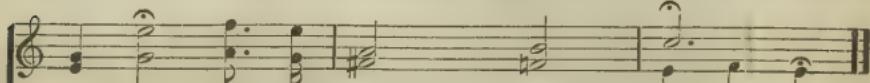
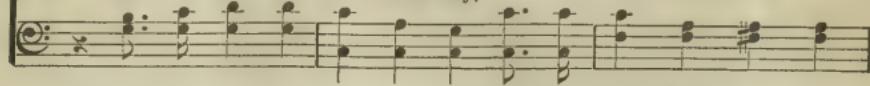
CHORUS.



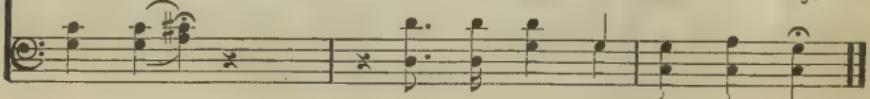
On the home - - ward way with the King, On the
On the home - - ward way with the King,



home - - ward way; How my heart with joy is
On the bless-ed home-ward way,



sing-ing On the home - - - ward way.
On the bless-ed home - - - ward way.



Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE, RENEWAL.

W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
 2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er As a shield from ev-ry snare;
 3. O the pre-ious name of Je-sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
 If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
 When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre- cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 Pre- cious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre- cious name, O how
 Pre- cious name, O how

sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A-MEN.
 sweet, how sweet!

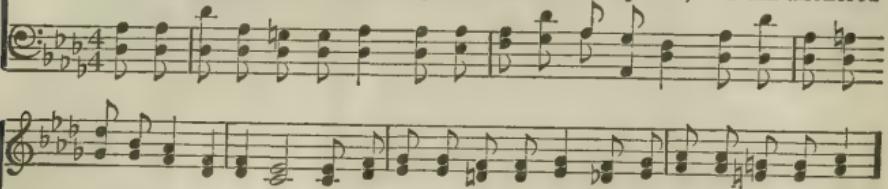
Martha S. Clingan.

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Robert Harkness.

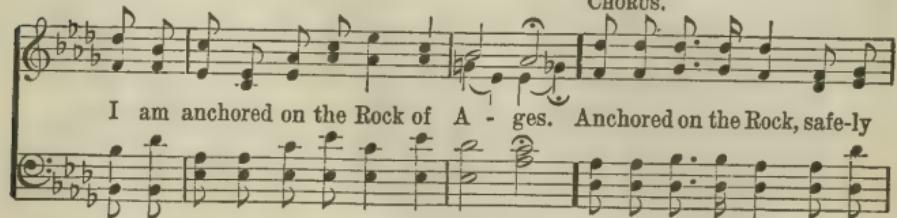


1. On the sea of life I sail, small my bark and wild the gale, I am anchored
2. Love of God which will endure, is my ca-ble strong and sure, I am anchored
3. Peace and safety here are found, and my bark is homeward bound, I am anchored
4. On God's promis-es I rest, they have stood in ev'-ry test, I am anchored

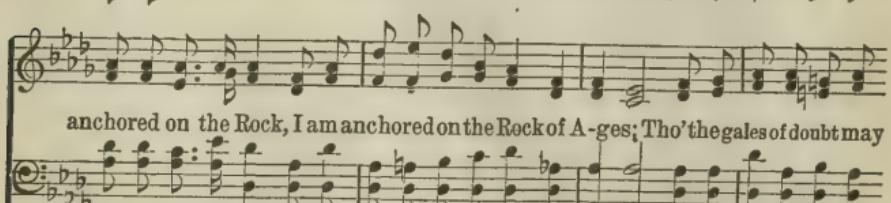


on the Rock of A-ges: And the anchor will hold fast, un-til all the storms are past,
on the Rock of A-ges: Love of God with strength untold, thro' the angry storms will hold,
on the Rock of A-ges: Waiting for me o - ver there, is a mansion bright and fair,
on the Rock of A-ges: To the ha-ven I draw nigh, full of hope with courage high,

CHORUS.



I am anchored on the Rock of A - ges. Anchored on the Rock, safe-ly



anchored on the Rock, I am anchored on the Rock of A-ges; Tho' the gales of doubt may



blow, blessed peace of soul I know, I am anchored on the Rock of A - ges.



Rev. Wm. Poole.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bear-ing my bur-dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-

just when I fear; Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv-ing for bur-dens pleas-ures a-new,
all the day long; For all my sor-row giv-ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,

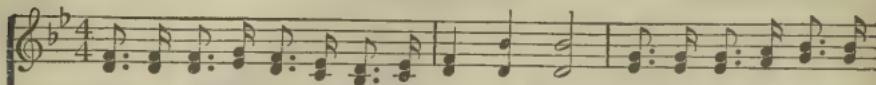
Just when I need Him most; Je-sus is near to

com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A-MEN.

R. K. C.

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R. Kelso Carter.



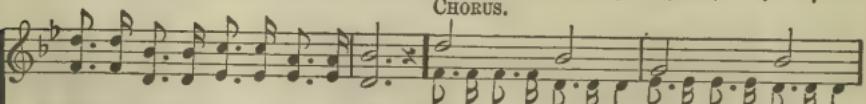
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal -
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment



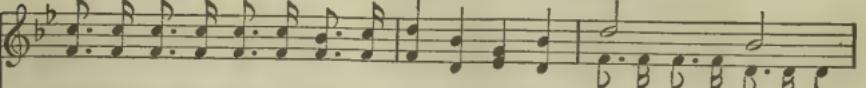
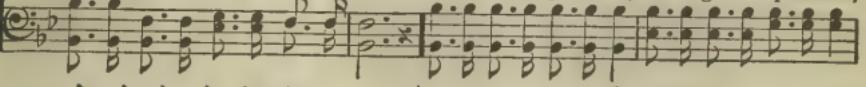
let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,



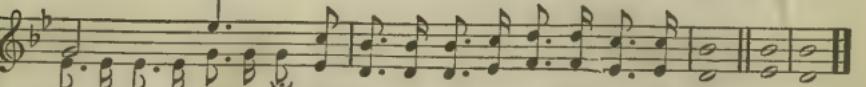
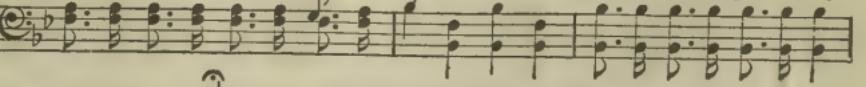
CHORUS.



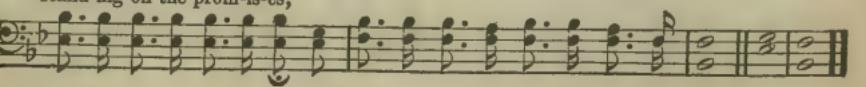
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
standing on the prom-is-es,



Loyalty to Christ.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty.

loy - al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro' - out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

Of loy - al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His com-mand,
 great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Smile when your heart is all troub - led, Smile when you're wea - ry and blue;
2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your bat - tie with sin;
3. Smile when your bur - dens are heav - y, Smile when you're longing for rest;
4. Smile and give oth - ers your sun - shine, Smile as you meet with the throng,

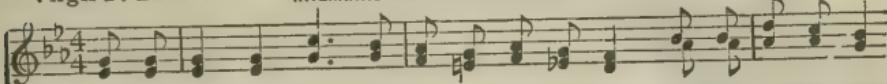
CHORUS. Arr.

Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - er, Sor - row and

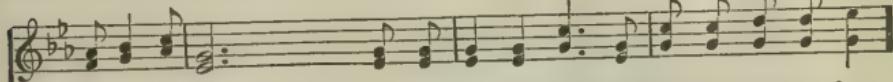
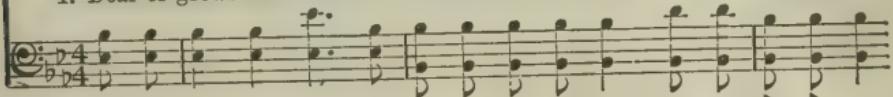
sigh - ing you may be - guile; Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow

light - er, If you trust Je - sus and smile, smile, smile.....

Virgil P. Brock.

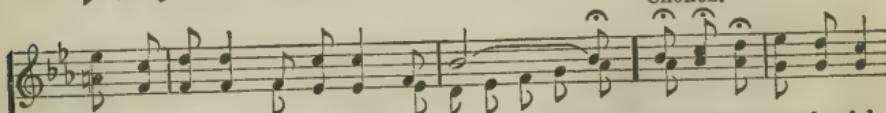
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Blanche Kerr Brock.
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1. I was lost in sin, but Je-sus res-cued me, He's a won-der-ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful
3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful

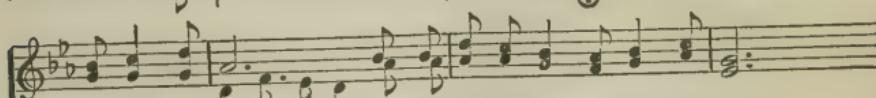


Sav-ior to me; I was bound by fear, but Je-sus set me free,
 Sav-ior to me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,
 Sav-ior to me; (So won-der-ful!) He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear,
 Sav-ior to me; Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,

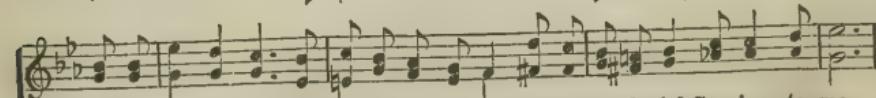
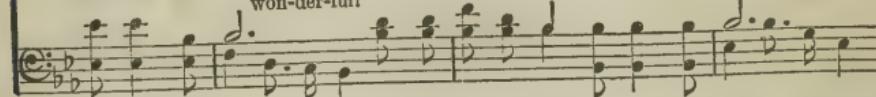
CHORUS.



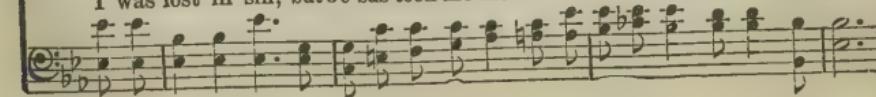
He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful!) For He's a won-der-ful



Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; won-der-ful!



I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.



Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.
*Slowly.*COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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B. B. McKinney.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,
 2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;
 3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus Call-ing out so plead - ing - ly,
 4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,

He has suf - fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.
 I can al - ways count on Je - sus, Can He al - ways count on me?
 "Go and win the lost and stray - ing;" Is He sat - is - fied with me?
 Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is -

fied with Je - sus, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I

think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

rit.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



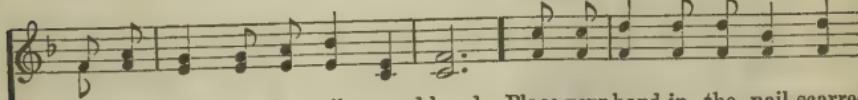
1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad - ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol - low the will of the ris - en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



nail - scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?
 nail - scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
 nail - scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless - ed word?
 nail - scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - ior in,



CHORUS.



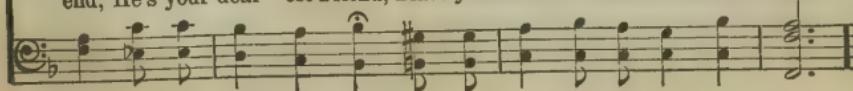
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred



hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the



end, He's your dear - est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.



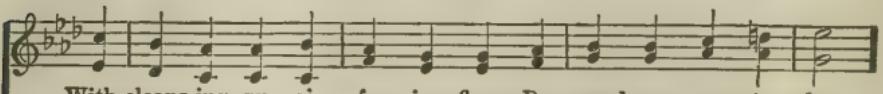
Charlotte G. Homer.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

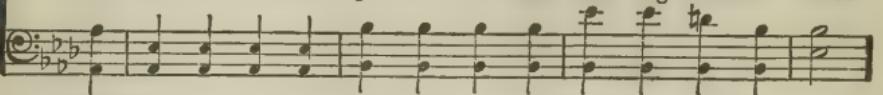
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee pre - pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,



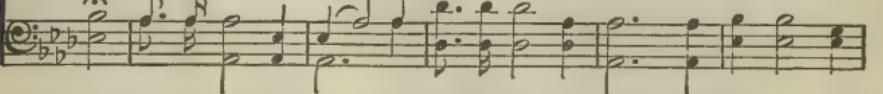
With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.



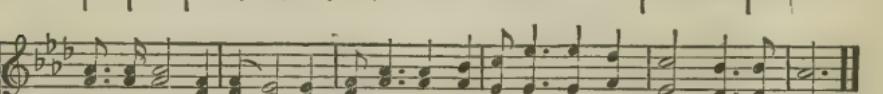
CHORUS.



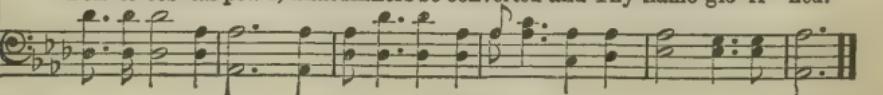
Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of



bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r, That sinners be converted and Thy name glo - ri - fied!



L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va-ry's tide; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais-es to sing? There's

CHORUS.

won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
 there is

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A-MEN.

84 The Long, Long Road With Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HARRY DIXON LOES. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Harry Dixon Loes.



1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is hap - py
2. On my path there shines a ra-diant Light, And the bells of joy ring
3. When my heart is faint, He makes me strong, And He bears my bur - den
4. I shall reach that hap - py gold - en shore, There to dwell in joy for -



ev - 'ry day; I am walk - ing in the nar - row way, On the
day and night; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, On the
all day long; I am sing - ing now a glad new song, On the
ev - er - more; If I fol - low Him who goes be - fore, On the



CHORUS.



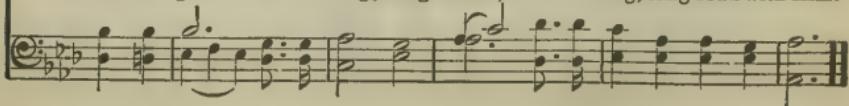
long, long road with Je - sus. On the long, long road with Je - sus, On the



long, long road with Je-sus; Thro' the days of weal or woe, I am sing-ing



as I go On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him.



James Rowe.

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Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Some-bod - y here is wea - ry and worn, Bend-ing be -neath a
 2. Some-bod - y here is wea - ry of sin, Long-ing to let the
 3. Some-bod - y here will an-swer His plea, Kneel at His feet, a
 4. Some-bod - y here is look-ing a -bove, Read - y to trust His

bur-den long borne; Tired of the storms and thorns on the way,
Bless-ed One in; Read-y to take the heav-en- ly way,
Chris-tian to be; Some-bod-y here for par-don will pray,
mer-cy and love; Know-ing what dan- ger lies in de-lay,

CHORUS.

Some-bod - y here needs Je - sus to - day. Some-bod - y here is

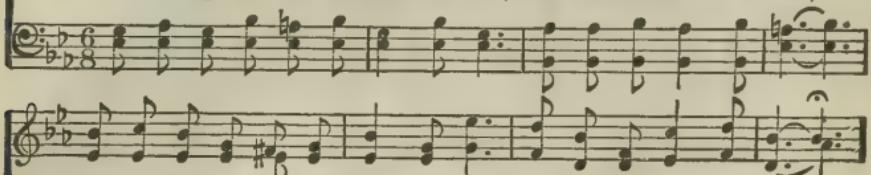
sad and a - lone, Some-one whose song and laughter have flown; Come, He'll re-

ceive you, He will re - lieve you, Some-bod - y here needs Je - sus to - day.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1813, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri-als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



Je-sus I choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me.
 Al-ways to Je-sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
 Al-ways to Je-sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 Je-sus shall bear me to you-der shore, He is the best for me.



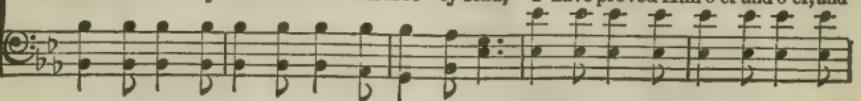
CHORUS.



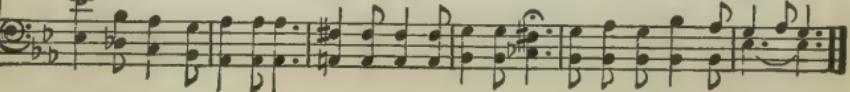
I choose Je-sus when I need a friend;.. What I
 Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I



need I know that He will send;.... I have proved Him,
 know that sure-ly He to me will free-ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and



good and true is He;... I choose Je-sus, He is the best for me....
 al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.



C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
 2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
 3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;
 4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un-to the Lord;

Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.
 They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by prayer.
 Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
 Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

CHORUS.

{ So you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me, In
 { If you'll bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me, In
 all kinds of weather, we'll all work to-ge-th-er, And see what can be done;
 no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

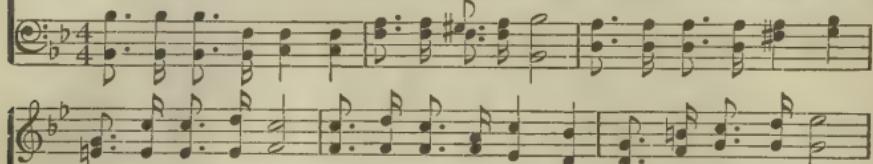
W. W. S.

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Woodie W. Smith.



- Just to know He loves me, just to feel His pow'r, Just to know He saves me
- Just to know He holds me with His precious hand, Just to know He keeps me,
- Just to know the mis-sion I may here ful-fill, Just to know the Mas-ter
- Just to know He's pleading now for sin-ful men, Just to know He's com-ing

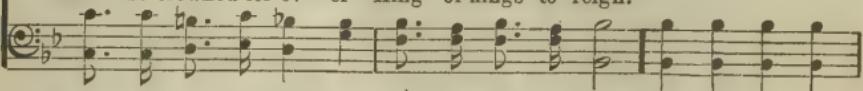


ev - 'ry day and hour; Just to know He leads me by His hand di-vine,
in this des-ert-land; Just to know He'll call me when this life is past,
and to do His will; Just to know He calls me in His serv-ice here;
back to earth a-gain; Just to know my Sav - ior, once for sin-ners slain,

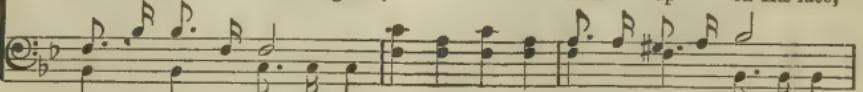
CHORUS.



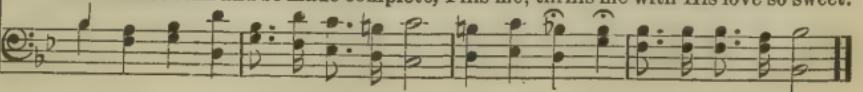
Gives me strength to wit-ness, Je - sus Christ is mine.
Say - ing, "Come," ye faith-ful—wel-come home at last. Just to know Him,
Fills my soul with glo - ry, and my life with cheer.
Shall be crowned for-ev - er—King of kings to reign.



just to trust His grace. Just to love Him, look up-on His face;
Just to trust His grace, look up - on His face;



Just to trust Him and be made complete, Fills me, thrills me with His love so sweet.



The Wonderful Day.

Woodie W. Smith.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY WOODIE W. SMITH CO.

Lulu E. English.

1. There's a won-der-ful day, for the prophets all say That the Lord in His
 2. As I think of that day, I can joy - ful - ly say, Bless-ed Sav - ior, I'm
 3. Earthly joy shall re-cede with its pomp and its greed, When the light of His
 4. Oh, that won-der-ful day! oh, the rap-ture for aye! Oh, the mar - vel - ous

glo - ry shall come; All the saints shall a - rise and as-cend to the skies,
 ready - y to go; For I'm trust-ing His grace, and shall look on His face,
 glo - ry I see; I will fall at His feet, and the sto - ry re - peat,
 love of the King! How I long to be there, His com-mun-ion to share,

CHORUS.

Ev - er - more to be with Him at home.
 Oh, what rap - ture, my Sav - ior to know. He's com-ing some day, He's
 Je - sus' blood made a - tone-ment for me.
 And His prais - es for - ev - er to sing.

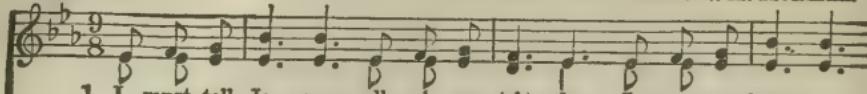
com-ing some day, Oh, what will it mean to you? Shall you welcome that day,

Share His glo - ry for aye, Fel - low trav - 'ler, oh, what will you do?

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri- als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je-sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-i-or, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e- vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

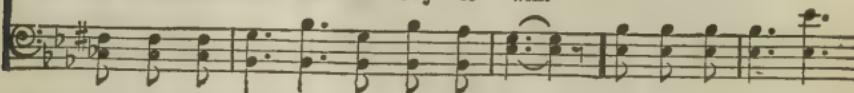


bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er,
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je-sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je-sus, and He will help me

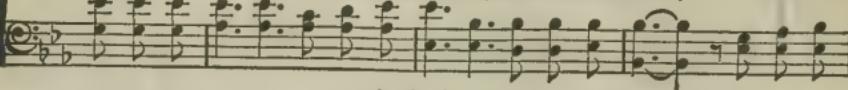
CHORUS.



He ev-er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je-sus!
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.



I must tell Je-sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell



Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
 call - ing to - day; Bring Ilm thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

Call - - - ing to - day,
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

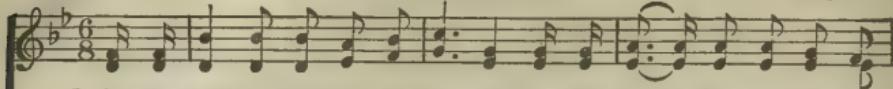
Call - - - - ing to - day, Je - - - - sus is
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
 call - ing to - day,

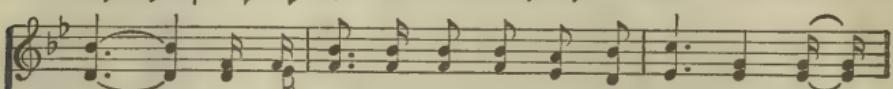
H. G. S.

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H. G. Smyth.



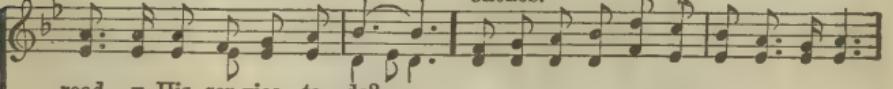
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly tell-ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from known



you? . . . Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
lost? . . . Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
Him? . . . Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
sin; . . . We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To



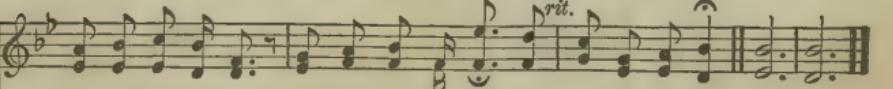
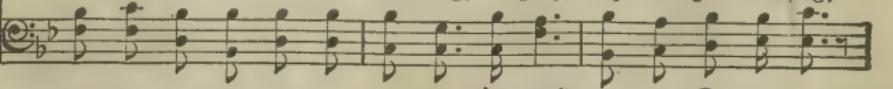
CHORUS.



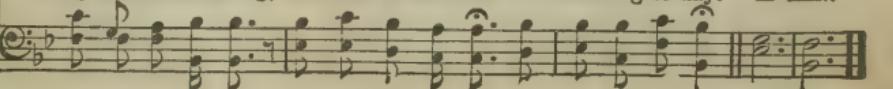
read-y His ser-vi-ce to do?
Sav-ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,



My serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A-MEN.



Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE, RENEWAL.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

REFRAIN.

clo-ser drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
 mune as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I was sink-ing down in the waves of sin, Dark-ness cov-ered the
 2. There's a song of joy ring-ing in my soul As I trav-el the
 3. I am an-chor-ed safe in the Rock di-vine, Blest as-sur-ance I
 4. Oh, what joy to tell of His match-less love, Of His won-der-ful

light of day, With a ten-der hand Je-sus took me in, He
 home-ward way, Since my Lord di-vine has com-plete con-trol And
 have to - day, For I know I'm His and I know He's mine, He
 grace for me, And to point the lost to this Friend a-bove, Who'll

CHORUS.

lift-ed me up to stay.
 lift-ed me up to stay. He lift-ed me up to stay, . . .
 lift-ed me up to stay. to stay,
 save them and set them free.

He lift-ed me up to stay, . . . And I go re-
 to stay,

joic-ing on my home-ward way, For He lift-ed me up to stay.

95 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.
SOLO.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HERBERT G. TOVEY. Herbert G. Tovey.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre - cious Are ta - ken from
2. Should some earth-ly care come op - press - ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world ev - er chang - ing, Now seek - ing some

me here be - low, There's one pre - cious truth that I treas - ure,
I can - not see, I've one con - stant Friend, it is Je - sus,
lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre - cious,
friend that is true, There's One who is stead - fast, un - fail - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is real, this I know. Je - sus is real and
He is as real as can be.
Je - sus is real, and is near.
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.

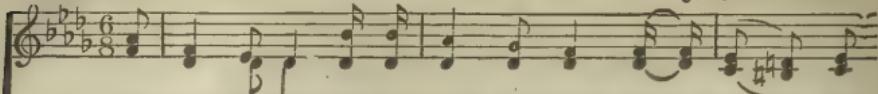
pre-cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me;) All that the

world holds as treas - ure may go, But Je - sus is real to me. (to me.)

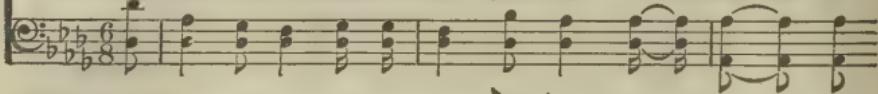
Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

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J. Lincoln Hall.



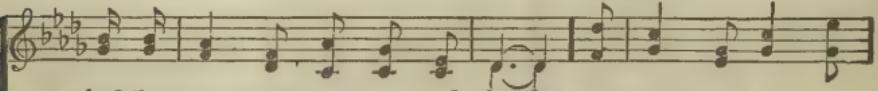
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp -
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on



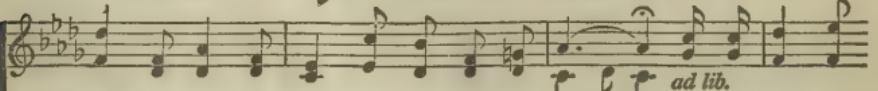
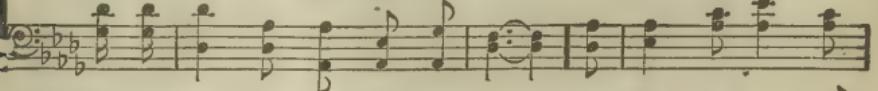
mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress, dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades, ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,



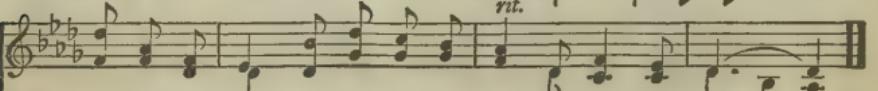
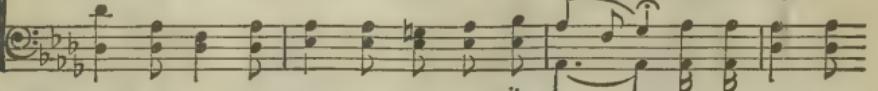
CHORUS.



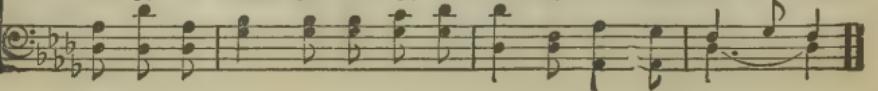
And the way grows wear - y and long? Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I Tho' my tears flow all the night long? Is it aught to Him? Does He care?



know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;... When the days are



wear - y, The long night drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)



G. B.

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Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blэм of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suf - ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 tra- tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
 beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

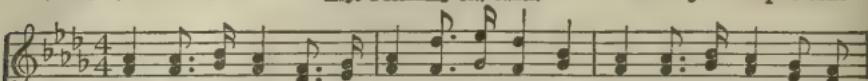
CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged
 To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the

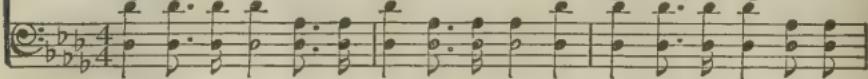
cross,..... Till my tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug - ged cross,

old rug - ged cross,..... And ex - change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,

L. H. Edmunds.

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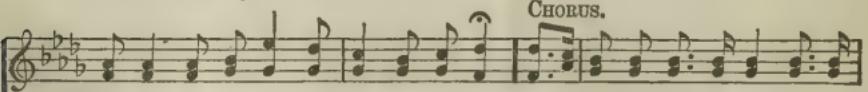
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the stops of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll



Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to HIm for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see HIm, "the King in His beau - ty,"



CHORUS.

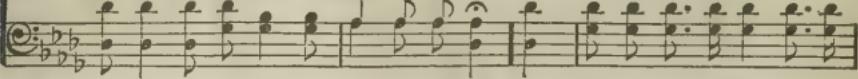


Hap - py, how hap - py, the songs that we bring.

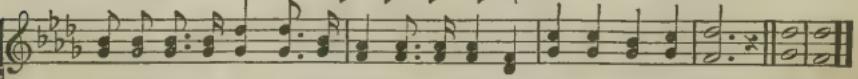
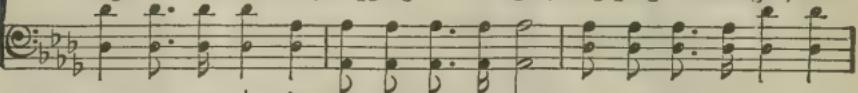
Hap - py, how hap - py, our prais - es each day. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the

Hap - py, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - bove.

Hap - py, how hap - py, our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How



beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light. A - MEN.



99 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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Thos. Benton.

1. Is your heart o'er - bur-dened with its grief and care? Are you
 2. Do you long for com - fort in your sore dis - tress? Come to
 3. Are you sad and lone - ly, is the path - way drear? Tar - ry
 4. Let the Sav - ior guide you all a - long the way, From the

faint - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je-sus at the
 Christ your Sav - ior and your sins con - fess; Tell it all to Je-sus, He will
 then no lon - ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je-sus, He is
 home-ward pathway nev - er go a-stray; All your heav-y bur-dens He will

CHORUS.

place of prayer, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
 heal and bless, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him. Car - ry all your sor - rows to
 ver - y near, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.
 roll a - way, Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him.

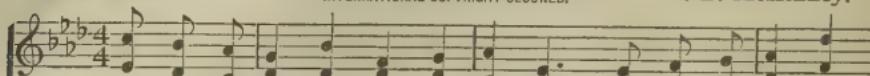
Him, (He is near,) Car - ry all your sor - rows to Him; (He will hear;) On your

heart His love will fall, If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.

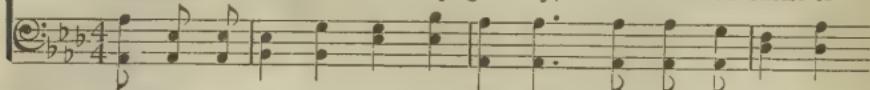
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. Once I was lost, with - out a Sav - ior, The path of sin I
 2. I yield - ed to His ten - der plead - ing, And turned my feet from
 3. A - gain I heard His voice so ten - der, "Take up thy cross and
 4. When Thou shalt come in all Thy glo - ry, O bless - ed Christ of



chose to roam, I heard the voice of Je - sus say - ing, "Come un - to
 sin and wrong; I trust - ed Him for full sal - va - tion, And now I
 fol - low Me;" To Him I made a full sur - ren - der To bear the
 Cal - va - ry, A-round the world I'll live for - ev - er, I'm on the



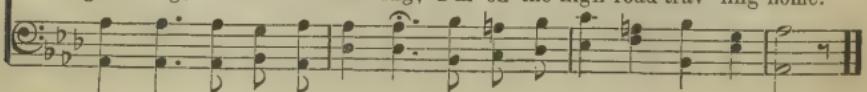
Me, I'll lead you home." sing a glad new song. I'm on the high road, I'm on the
 cross of vic - to - ry.
 high road home to Thee.



high road, I'm on the high road trav - 'ling home; My Lord is



guid - ing, In Him I'm hid - ing, I'm on the high road trav - 'ling home.



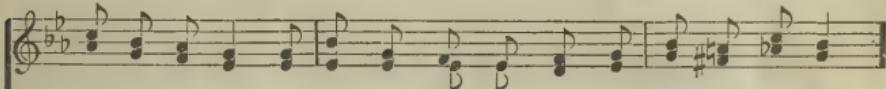
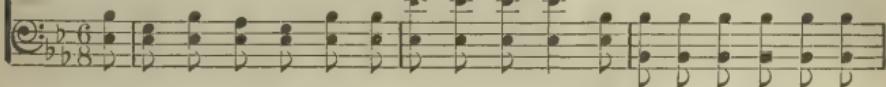
W. C. Poole.

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D. M. Shanks.



1. O think of the work that is wait-ing for you, O think of the things that no
2. Some-where is a load that is heav - y to bear; Some-where is a life that is
3. There's some-one who's waiting the story to hear, Of won-der-ful love that will
4. O has-ten, for soon will be set-ting of sun; O hasten, for soon will your



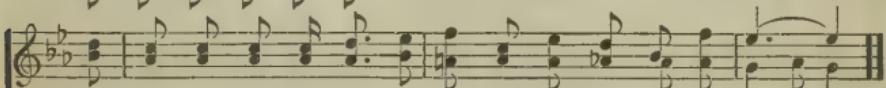
oth - er can do, Then go in the name of the Mas - ter so true,
anx-ious with care; Go quick - ly with Je - sus their bur-den to share,
ban - ish all fear; To hearts that are wea - ry bring com-fort and cheer;
life work be done; Go quick - ly if you would have vic - to - ry won,



And do them for Je - sus to - day.
Go do it for Je - sus to - day. Do it for Je - sus to - day,.....
Go tell it for Je - sus to - day. for Je - sus to - day,
Do something for Je - sus to - day.



Do it for Je - sus to - day; Some bur - den make lighter,
for Je - sus to - day;



Some path-way make brighter, O do it for Je - sus to - day.
to-day.



102

With the Coming of the Morn.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. With the com-ing of the morn, Lord, my heart for Thee as -pires;
2. As the day ad - van - ces, Lord, May my pow'rs for serv - ice grow;
3. Keep me by Thy might-y pow'r Ev - er from the snares of sin;
4. This my morn-ing prayer shall be, Give me from Thy boundless store

New de-ter-mi-na-tions born, Fill my soul with new de-sires
Strength as I shall need af-ford; Wis-dom un-to me be-stow
Watch a-bout me ev-'ry hour That I may the vic-t'ry win.
Grace for great-er works for Thee, Grow-ing strong-er, more and more.

For a con - se - cra - tion new, Bet - ter work for Thee to do.
That I may thro'-out the day Walk up - right - ly in Thy way.
With-out Thee, Lord, I must fail—Self with sin can - not a - vail.
Then to Thee shall prais - es be Now and in e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

{ This my song shall be, This my ear - nest plea;
{ Give me work to do, Keep me pure and true;
{ This my song shall be, This my ear - nest plea;
{ Give me work to do, Keep me pure and true;

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Ev - 'ry morn-ing, as to Him I pray:
Guard me in the (Omit.....) straight and nar - row way.

103 We Will Understand It Better By and By

C. A. Tindley.

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Rev. C. A. Tindley.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest-less sea of time, Som-ber
2. We are oft - en des - ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un-der-stand All the
4. Here temptations, hid-den snares, oft - en take us un - a-wares, And our

skies and howling tempests oft suc - ceed a bright sunshine; In that land of food and want of shelter, thirst-y hills and bar-ren lands; But we're trusting ways that God would lead us to that bless-ed Prom-ised Land; But He'll guide us hearts are made to bleed by some tho't-less word or deed; And we won - der

per - fect day, when the mists have rolled a-way, We will un - der-stand it in the Lord, and, ac - cord-ing to His Word, We will un - der-stand it with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, For we'll un - der-stand it why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll un - der-stand it

D. S.—We will un - der-stand it
FINE CHORUS.

bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morn-ing comes,

bet-ter by and by. (by and by.)

D. S.

When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the story how we've overcome,

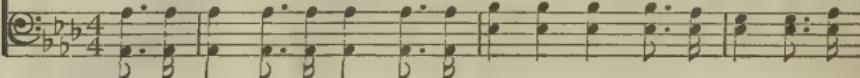
V. McC.

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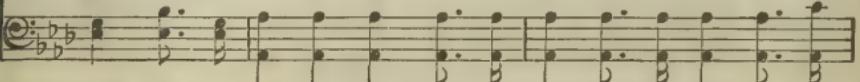
Vivian McCown



1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my
 2. When He scat - ters the gifts from His bound - less store, And His show - ers of
 3. When my heart is so tempt - ed and sore - ly tried, It is then that I
 4. Oh, His voice is so won - drous - ly sweet to me! There's no mu - sic on



side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be -
 bles - ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate - ful for -
 know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
 earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the



gin to low'r, And He whis - pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
 get to be, Je - sus whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
 vic - to - ry As He whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
 hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.



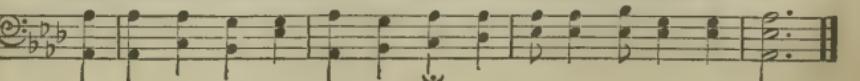
CHORUS.



He whis - pers His love to me, He whis - pers His love to me;
 His love to me, His love to me;



Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis - pers His love to me.



Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

Katherine Hankey.

William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest. And when in

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

REFRAIN.

long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.

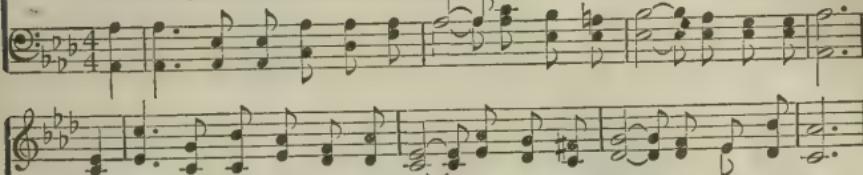
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

L. B. B.

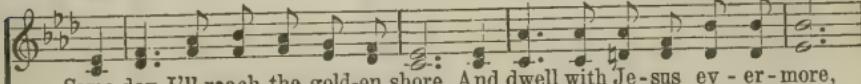
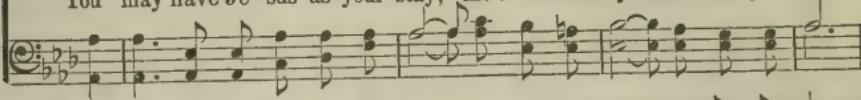
L. B. Bridgers.



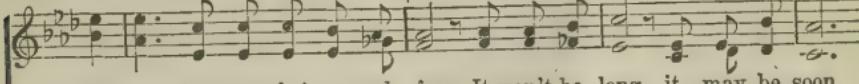
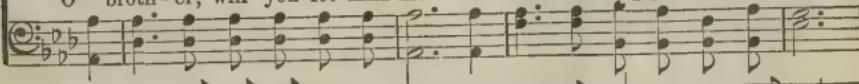
1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



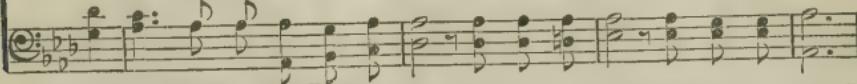
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For - get the strug-gles of long years,
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

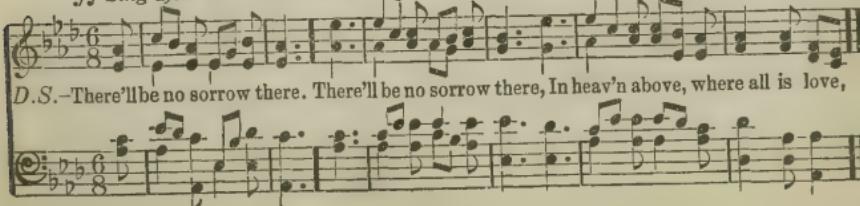


I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a - glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 Till heav-en's door you en - ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.



Sing after last verse. FINE.

D. S.



D. S. - There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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B. B. Beall.

1. How to reach the mass- es, men of ev- 'ry birth? For an an- swer
 2. O the world is hun- gry for the liv- ing bread, Lift the Sav- ior
 3. Don't ex - alt the preach- er, don't ex - alt the pew, Preach the gospel
 4. Lift Him up by liv- ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

Je - sus gave the key, "And I, if I be lift - ed up from the earth,
 up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
 sim - ple, full and free; Prove Him and you will find that promise is true,
 you the Sav - ior see, Then men will glad - ly fol - low Him who once taught,

REFRAIN.

Will draw all men un - to Me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un - to Me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un - to Me." Lift Him up,

up, Still He speaks from e - ter - ni - ty, "And I, if

Lift Him up,

I be lift - ed up from the earth Will draw all men un - to Me."

109 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
 2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je-sus came
 3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
 4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
 5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came
 in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob - scure,
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

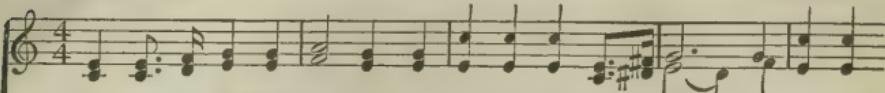
CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart, heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart, soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

Kate Hankey.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.



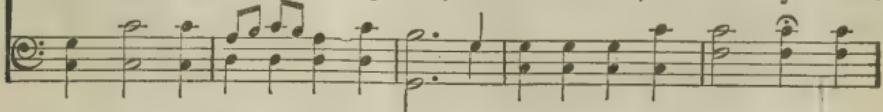
1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won - der -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's



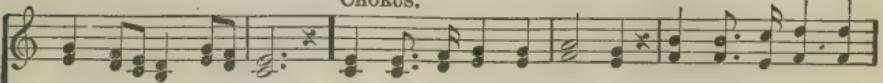
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ



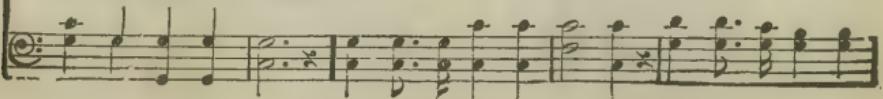
CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.

passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort - er to me.

Je - sus makes thee whole."



Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

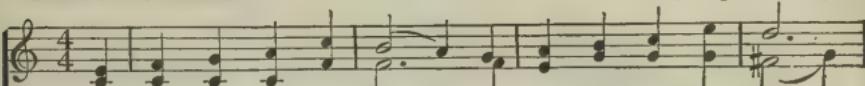


Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

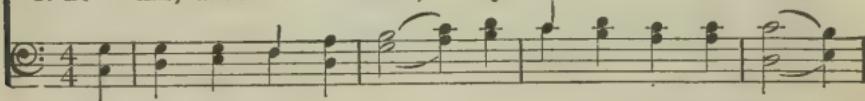
III May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.

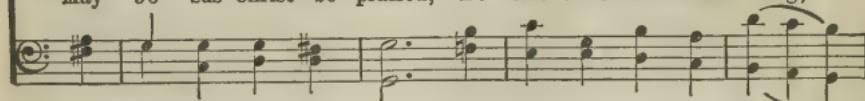
Sir Joseph Barnby.



1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,



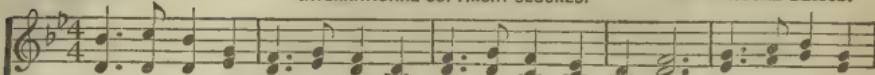
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.



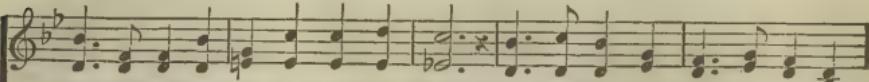
C. A. M.

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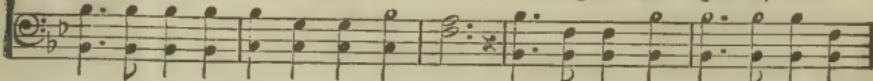
C. Austin Miles.



1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His



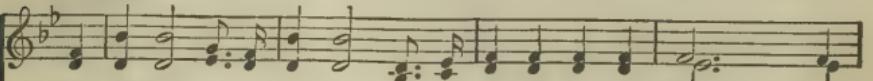
sins of earth be-set on ev'-ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle sheltered here, pro-tec-ted by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining, bles-sed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I



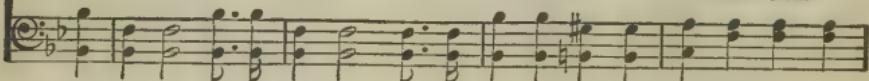
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land. of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land. herethere'snaughtcanharmme, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land. learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.



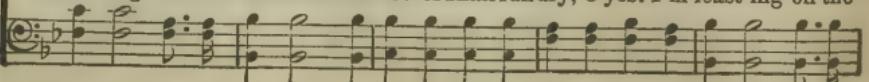
CHORUS.



I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!



drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the



Dwelling In Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

113 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead.

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KIRKPATRICK, HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Say-ior, Friend;

Just to rest up-on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je-sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A-MEN.

114 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne.

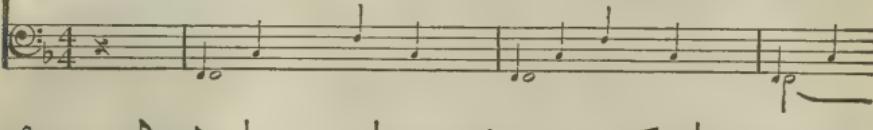
Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.

H. Ernest Nichol.

Voices in Unison.



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



hearts to the right,
 hearts to the Lord;
 reign - eth a - bove,
 sor - row has trod,

A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
 A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
 Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
 That all of the world's great peo - ple Might

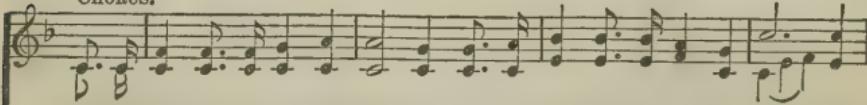


sto - ry of peace and light,
 shat - ter the spear and sword,
 show us that God is love,
 come to the truth of God,

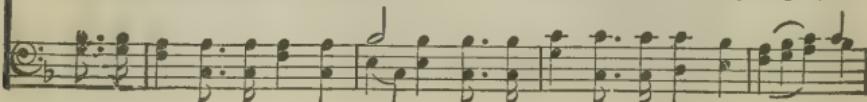
A sto - ry of peace and light.
 And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 And show us that God is love.
 Might come to the truth of God.



CHORUS.



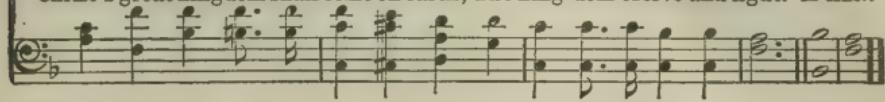
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And



We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



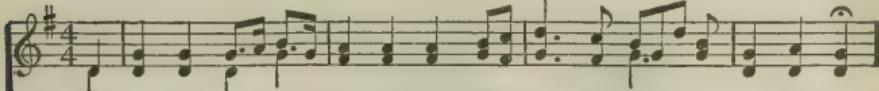
Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light. A-MEN.



115 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M.

American Melody.



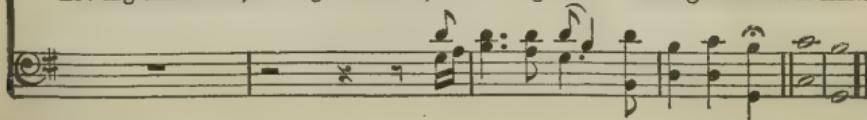
1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru -ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor - tal pow'r's shall fail,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness is so free:
And saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great:
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong:
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing-kind - ness sing in death:



Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so free.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so great.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so strong.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness sing in death. A-MEN.



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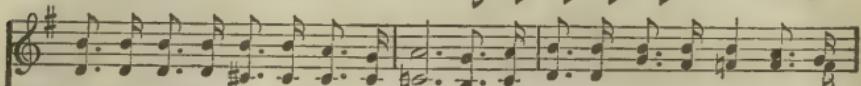
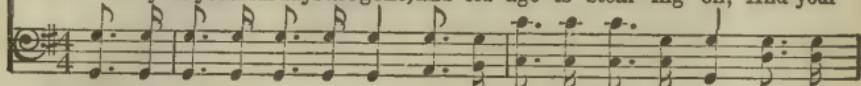
Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley.

Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

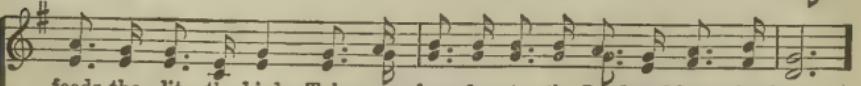
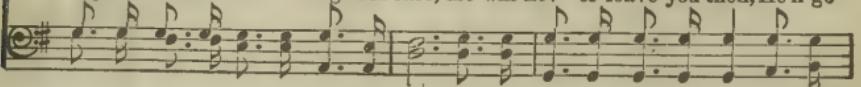
Moderato.



1. If the world from you withhold, of its sil- ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en - e-mies as-sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal-ing on, And your

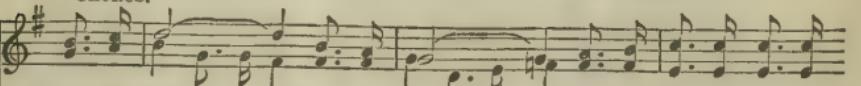


have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can get that God in heav-en an-swersprayer; He will make a way for you and will bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev - er leave you then, He'll go

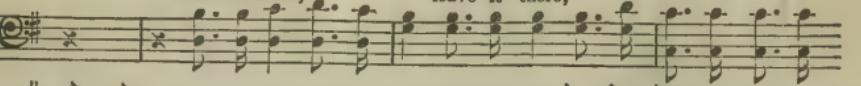


feeds the lit - tie bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there. save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there. lead you safe - ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there. with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

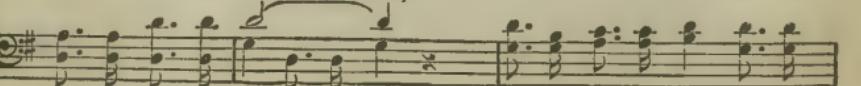
CHORUS.



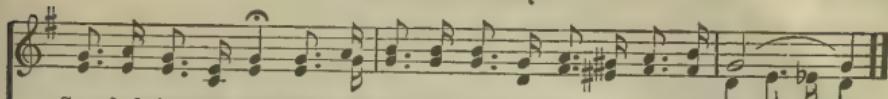
Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... Take your bur-den to the
Leave it there, leave it there,



Lord and leave it there;..... If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
leave it there;



Leave It There.



Sure-ly bring you out; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there
leave it there.

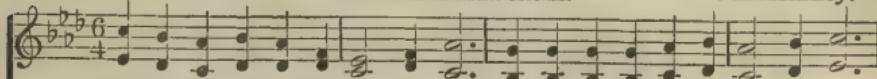
117

Lord, Send a Revival.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. Send a re-viv-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea,
2. Send a re-viv-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sins a-way,
3. Send a re-viv-al to those in sin, Help them, O Je-sus, to turn to Thee,
4. Send a re-viv-al in ev'-ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee,



Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me.
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, Oh, give them the vic-to-ry.
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me.



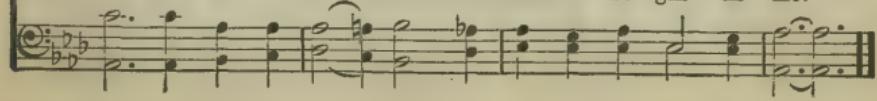
CHORUS.



Lord, send a re-viv-al, Lord, send a re-viv-al,



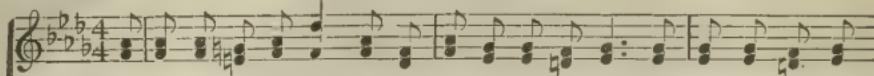
Lord send a re-viv-al And let it be-gin in me.



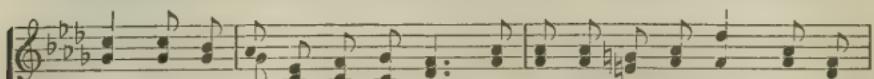
E. E. Hewitt.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. A Sav-ior who is a - ble to par-don all my sins, Whose grace is all-suf-
2. A help in time of troub-le, a "Present Help" indeed, A hand that's strong and
3. The God of love and wisdom, who sitteth on the throne, Who rules the times and
4. A call to loy - al serv-ice, a work for me to do, His Spir - it dwell-ing



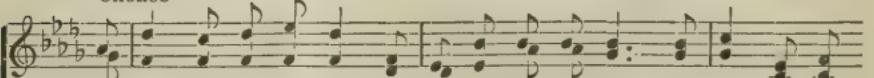
fi - cient to make me pure with-in; Who gave His life a ran - som to
mighty-thro' winding ways to lead; An ear that's al-ways o - pen to
sea - sons, all kingdoms are His own; Who speaks, and worlds obey Him; com-
in me to make me brave and true; A hap-py home in glo - ry, where



set the pris - ner free,—O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me.
ev - 'ry trust - ful plea,—O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me.
mands, and shadows flee,—O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me.
Je - sus I shall see,—O that's what my Re - lig - ion means to me.



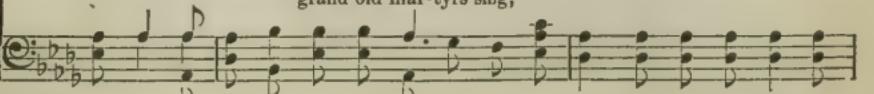
CHORUS



The Gos - pel Re - lig - ion that Je - sus died to bring, The same old Re -



lig - ion that made the martyrs sing; The grand old Re - lig - ion that
grand old mar - tyrs sing;



My Religion.



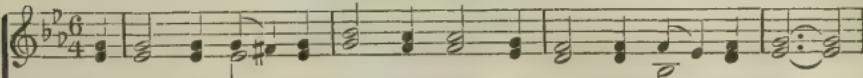
in the Book I see, Sal - va - tion for - ev - er it means to me.

119 Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

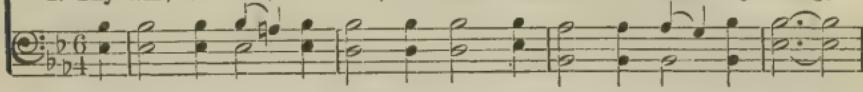
Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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Geo. C. Stebbins



1. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I know Thy will is best;
2. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Choose Thou for me my way;
3. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I can - not see a - far;
4. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! What-ev - er this may bring;—

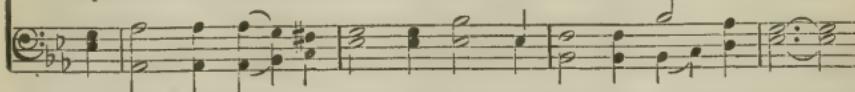


If I should try to walk a - lone, My feet would sure - ly stray.
The things that lie be - yond my sight, Thou se - est as they are.
In tri - als, wheth-er great or small,—Thy will in ev - 'ry - thing.

CHORUS



Thy will is best,—'tis there I rest; In shad - ow or in sun,—

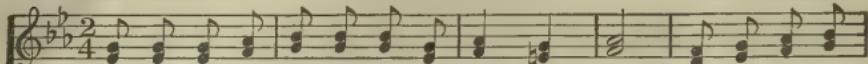


My prayer to Thee shall ev - er be: Thy per - fect will be done.

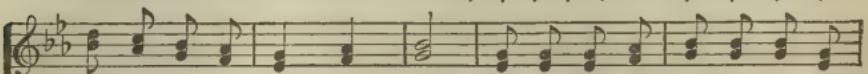
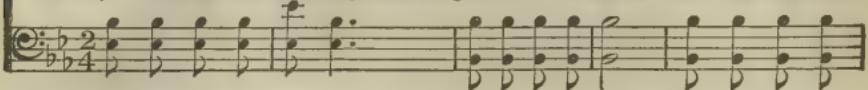
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

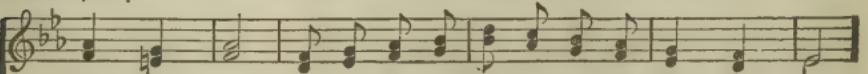
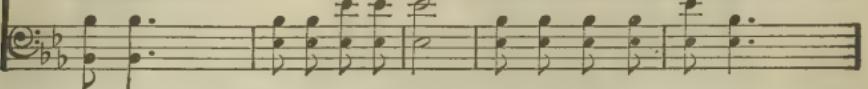
E. O. Excell.



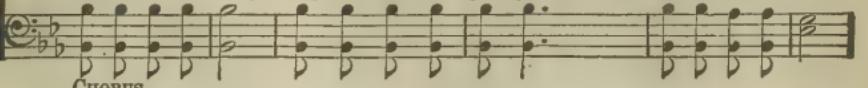
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
 2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



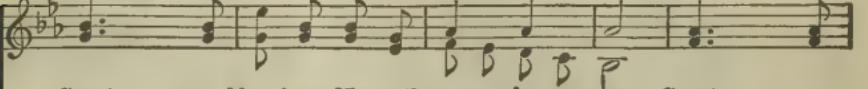
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
 cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



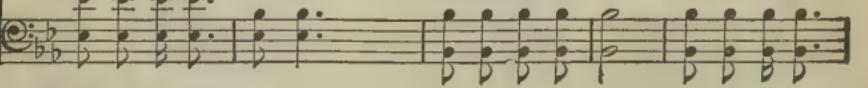
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.



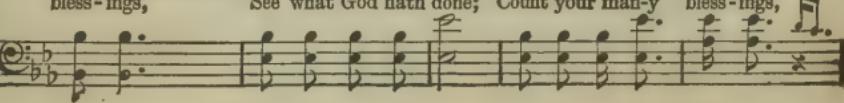
CHORUS.



Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,



Count Your Blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

121 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

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M. J. Babbitt.

4

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - 'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Guide,
3. I will nev - er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

4

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.
And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

4

CHORUS.

4

Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;

4

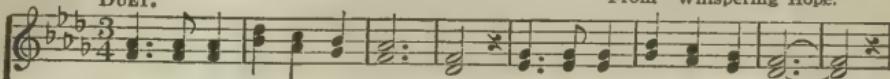
For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev - er let me fall. A-MEN.

4

B. B. McK.

DUET.

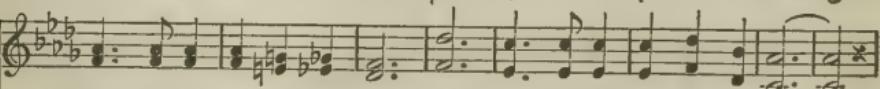
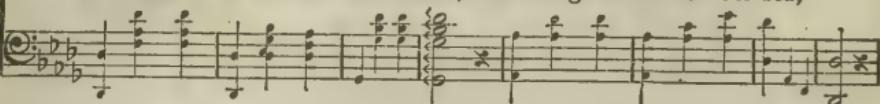
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT. H. COLEMAN.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From "Whispering Hope."

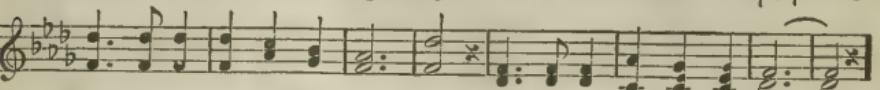
1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing the wea-ry, op - prest,
3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing to you and to me,



Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love;
 Lov - ing-ly, ten-der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest."
 Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;



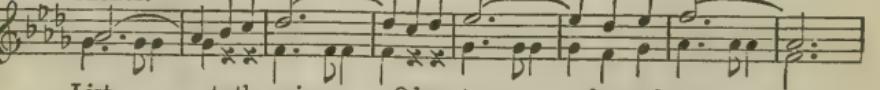
Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der - ly speaks to the sad;
 Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;
 Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Sav - ior they roam:



Turn-ing their night in-to morn - ing, Mak - ing the lone - ly heart glad.
 Trust in the bless-ed Re - deem - er, Life ev - er - last-ing you'll win.
 "Go in the by-ways and hedg - es" Bring-ing the wan-der-ers home.



CHORUS.



List.....to the voice, O how ten - - der and sweet,.....
 List to the voice, list to the voice, Ten-der-and-sweet, O how ten-der and sweet,



List to the Voice.



Call - - ing you home.....Where the ran - somed shall meet.....
Call-ing you home, call-ing you home,

123

Near the Cross

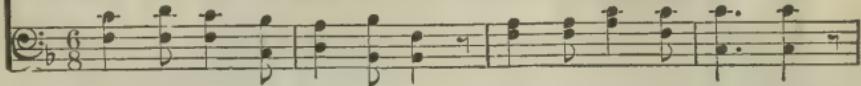
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er,



Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

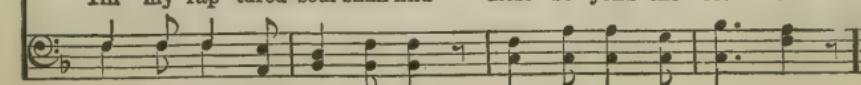
REFRAIN.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,



Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.



C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. Take Thou my More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. More like the Master I long to ev-er be. Take my heart, O

More Like the Master.

Sheet music for 'More Like the Master' in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

plore, . . . Wash me and keep . . . me Thine for-ev-er-more. A - MEN.
now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.

125 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Margaret. 8.8.8.6.

A. L. Pease.

Sheet music for 'O Love that wilt not let me go' in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is in the soprano range, marked with a dynamic 'p'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
2 O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3 O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to
4 O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the

Sheet music continuation for 'O Love that wilt not let me go' in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line continues with the lyrics:

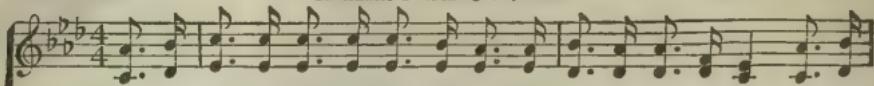
e - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

126 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

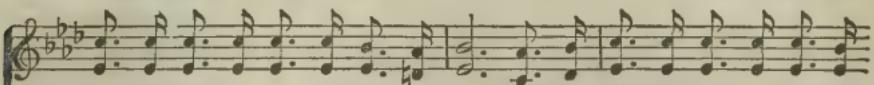
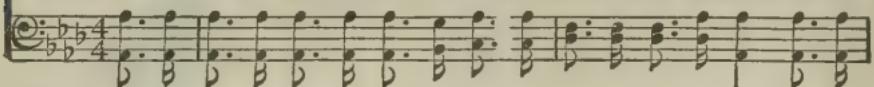
J. M. B.

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Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

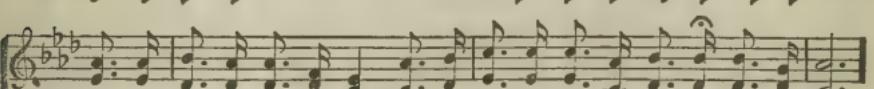
J. M. Black.



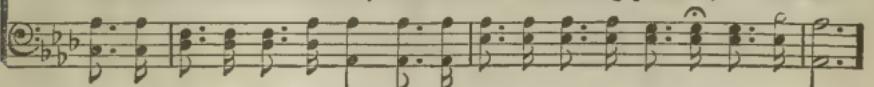
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter frot the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.



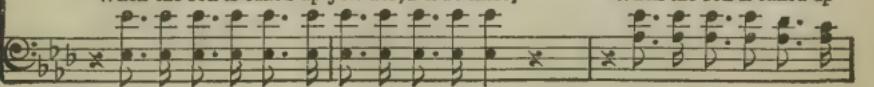
CHORUS.



When the roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. A-MEN.

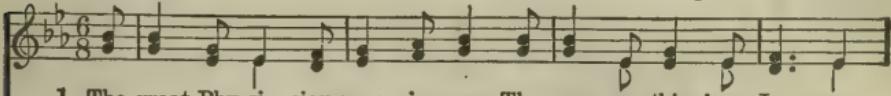


127

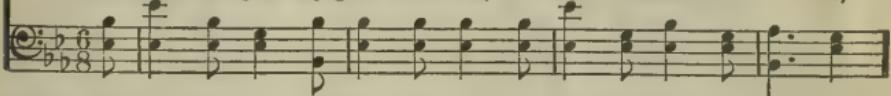
The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.



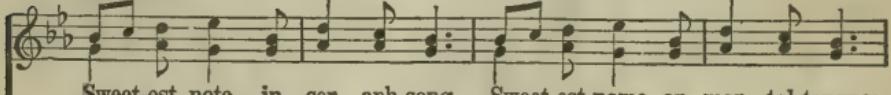
1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;



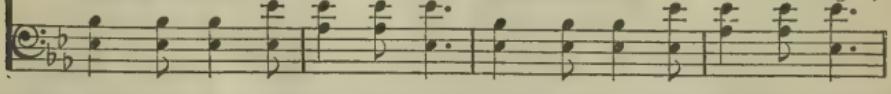
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.



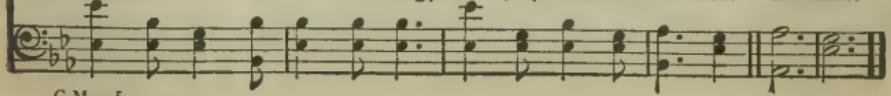
REFRAIN.



Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;



Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.



128 Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

James Rowe.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. As I walk at the side of my Sav-i-or di-vine, In the mar-vel-ous
2. Mighty storms may be-tide and the tempt-er as - sail, I shall still press a-
3. By and by, in the cit - y of glo - ry a - bove, With a glo - ri - fied

light of His glo - ri - fied face, Sweet in-deed the as - sur-ance which
long tow'r'd the heav-en - ly place; If I'm true to my Sav - ior I
throng, I shall look on His face; There for - ev - er my soul will re-

CHORUS.

Saved by His won - der - ful grace, I'm saved by His
Saved by His won - der - ful grace,

won - der - ful grace; Sin condemned me to die, but for-
won - der - ful grace; D D

Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

giv-en am I; I am saved by His won - der - ful grace.
won - der - ful grace.

129 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr.

Christmas Carol.

Franz Gruber.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the

where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

rallentando.

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

C. A. M.

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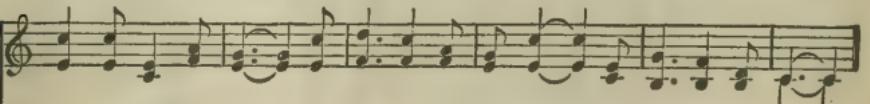
C. Austin Miles.



1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
 2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A - cross the
 3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but



in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if
 burn-ing des-erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
 bear their bur-dens a-cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
 mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



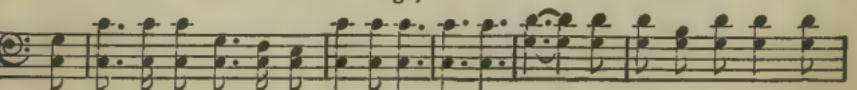
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con-tent an - y - where!



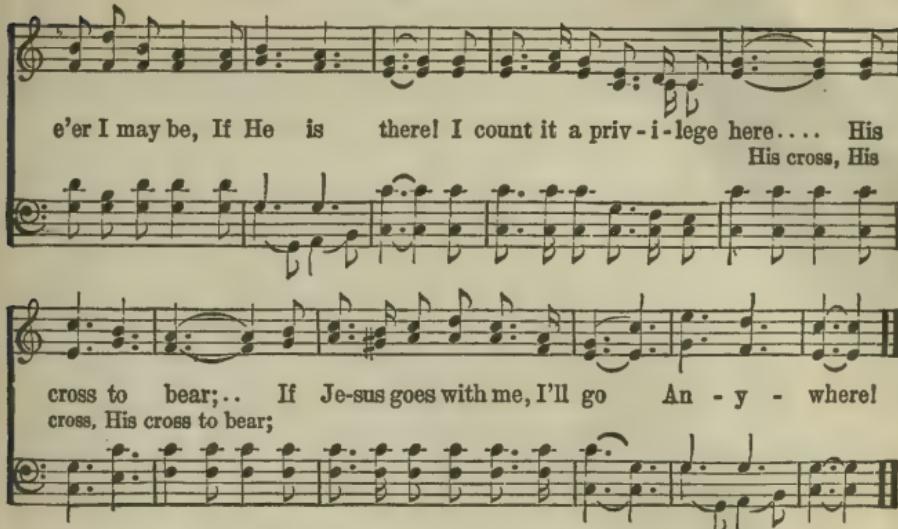
CHORUS.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go,.... An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where
 I'll go,



If Jesus Goes With Me.



e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-leg'e here.... His His cross, His cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where! cross, His cross to bear;

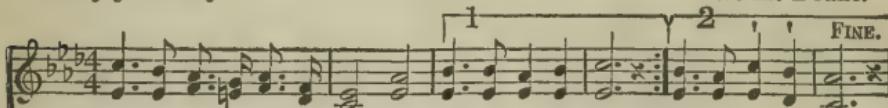
131

Pass Me Not.

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Fanny J. Crosby.

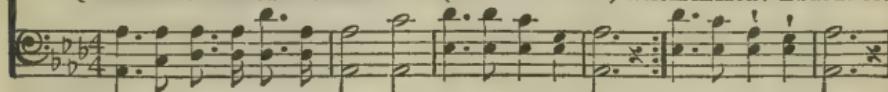
W. H. Doane.



1

2 FINE.

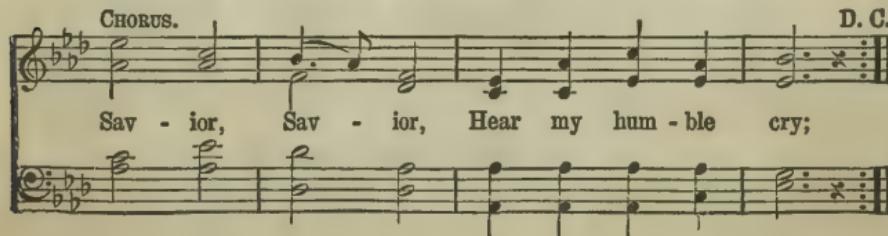
1. {Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling, (Omit.....) Do not pass me by.
2. {Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, (Omit.....) Help my un-be-lief.
3. {Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (Omit.....) Save me by Thy grace.
4. {Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (Omit.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



1

2 FINE.

D.S.—While on others Thou art call-ing, (Omit.....) Do not pass me by.



CHORUS.

D. C.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

FINE.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

SOLO.

1. I have a dream . . . with-in my heart
 2. No word can pic - ture that bright home
 3. And standing by . . . the o - pen gate

No ear has ev - er heard,
 That one day shall be mine,
 Are pilgrims wait-ing there,

And some day it . . . shall be ful-filled, When God shall speak the word.
 No voice of mu - sic can de-scribe Its mu - sic so di, - vine:
 And watching for . . . the loved of earth Its bless-ed joys to share.

It is the dream . . . of Him I love, Whose goodness gave me sight,
 E - ter - nal joys . . . a - wait me there Be - side a crys - tal stream,
 And Christ, my Sav - ior and my God, Shall lead me by the hand;

Whose face is fair - er than the day, And pur - er than the light.
 The Tree of Life . . . in fadeless bloom With fragrance fills my dream.
 Transformed, His im - age I shall bear For - ev - er in that land.

REFRAIN.

I have a dream with-in my heart, And some day I shall see

My Dream.

My dream ful-filled in Christ the Lord, My dream's re-al-i-ty.

133

A friend of Mine.

B. B. McK.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY B. B. MCKINNEY.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

B. B. McKinney.

1. There is joy in my heart as I jour - ney To the cit - y of love di-vine,
2. Tho' the world may despise and dis-own me, And the sun may refuse to shine,
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Sav-ior, I will follow His wise de-sign,

And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet sto - ry, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
There is One who nev-er will for-sake me, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
Till He calls me to meet Him in Glo - ry; Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus is a Friend of mine, Je - sus, Je - sus is a Friend divine;

In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

134 Have You Heard the Voice of Jesus?

Rev. L. D. Tibbitts.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There's a voice that thro' the si-lence Speaks with-in the souls of men, And the
2. In life's sky the clouds may gather, Yet my heart can still re-joice, For I
3. He will speak the words of com-fort When the tears of sor-row flow; He will

heart bowed down with burdens Finds the path of peace a-gain; 'Tis the voice of
have the Sav-i-or with me, And I hear His bless-ed voice; So with Him I'll
give you hope and glad-ness Thro' the years that come and go: Tho' a-far you

Je-sus speaking, And He calls to you and me As He called to hum-ble
fear no e-vil, Tho' the shad-ows round me fall: O, 'tis good to walk with
may have wandered Down a-long sin's devious ways, He will speak the words of

CHORUS.

fish-ers Long a-go in Gal-i-lee. Have you heard the voice of
Je-sus; It is good to heed His call.
par-don, He will give you songs of praise. Have you heard the

Je-sus? Have you found the nar-row way?
voice of Je-sus? Have you found the nar-row way?

Have You Heard the Voice of Jesus?

Do you know . . . the sweet en-joy-ment . . . Of His presence day by day?
do you know sweet en-joy-ment

135 Is He Satisfied With Me?

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Grace B. Maxwell.

G. B. M.

SOLO.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je-sus, But a ques-tion comes to me
2. Am I kind in word, and ten-der, Am I all I ought to be,
3. Do I tell the bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ on Cal - va - ry,

As I pon - der o'er His good-ness, Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Am I al - ways His de - fend - er: Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Do - ing all for His own glo - ry: Is He sat - is - fied with me?

REFRAIN.

Is my Mas - - - ter sat - is - fied, Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Is my Mas-ter sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied with me?

I am sat - is - fied with Je-sus; Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Is He sat - is - fied with me?

136 The Judgment Day Is Coming.

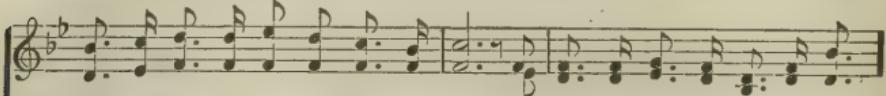
Morris.

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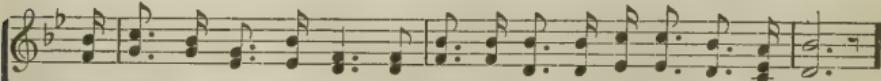
Johnston Morris.



1. You've heard the message of the Lord, His Spir - it calls with - in, O
2. O do not till to - mor - row wait, To - day may be your last, Lost!
3. The bless - ed Mas - ter lin - gers still To save your dy - ing soul, Then



give your heart to Je - sus ere you die; While Christian friends now pray for you, in e - ter - ni - ty will be your cry; Be - lieve in Him with all your heart, to the pre - cious arms of Je - sus fly; Do not de - lay, the moments pass,



Re - pent of all your sin, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.
Re - nounc - ing all your past, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.
You're on sin's treach'rous shoal, The judg - ment day is com - ing by and by.



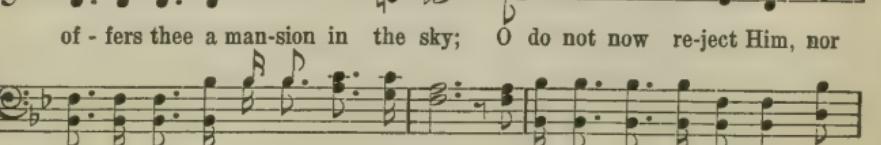
CHORUS.



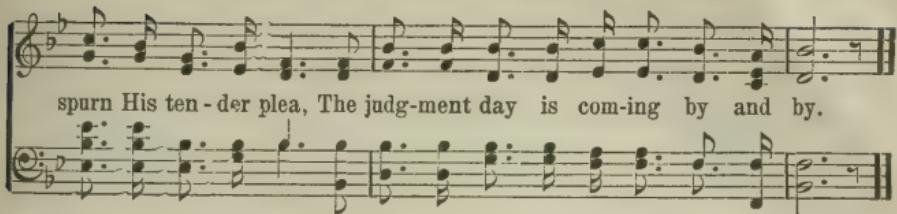
O sin - ner, are you read - y? the Sav - ior calls to thee, He



of - fers thee a man-sion in the sky; O do not now re - ject Him, nor



The Judgment Day Is Coming.



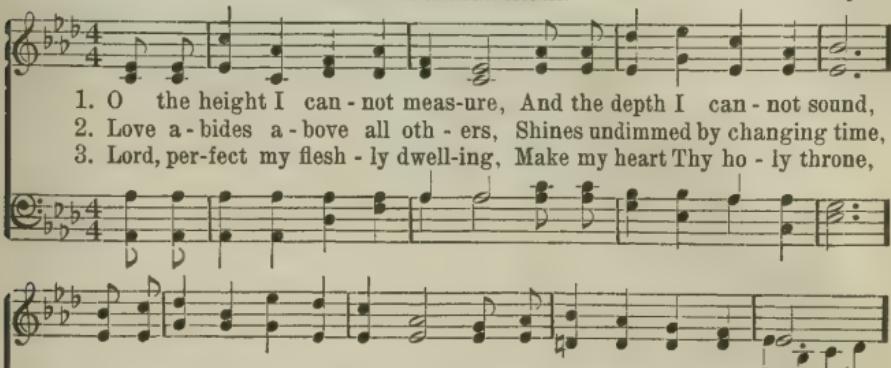
spurn His ten-der plea, The judg-ment day is com-ing by and by.

137 The Greatest of These Is Love.

A. H. A.

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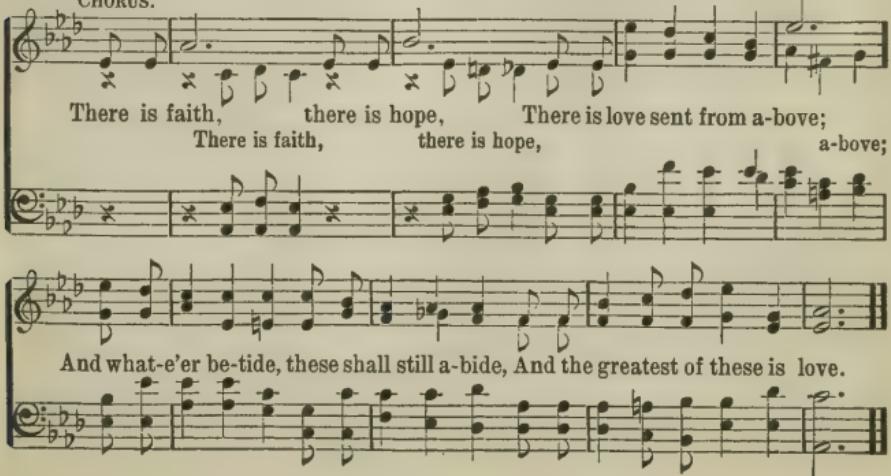
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. O the height I can - not meas-ure, And the depth I can - not sound,
2. Love a - bides a - bove all oth - ers, Shines undimmed by changing time,
3. Lord, per-fect my flesh - ly dwell-ing, Make my heart Thy ho - ly throne,

Of the love that is my treas-ure Since the Sav - ior I have found.
Bids us own and serve as broth-ers Men of ev- 'ry race and clime.
Till Thy love all love ex - cel - ling, Shall per-fect me as Thine own.

CHORUS.



There is faith, there is hope, There is love sent from a-bove;
There is faith, there is hope, a-bove;

And what-e'er be-tide, these shall still a-bide, And the greatest of these is love.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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Ira B. Wilson.

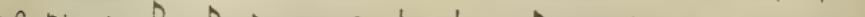


1. We sail a - long in our lit - tle boats O - ver the great life sea, . . .
 2. We sail a - long in the morning bright, Hap - py and glad are we, . . .
 3. We sail a - long, there are shoals they say, Dangers from which to flee, . . .



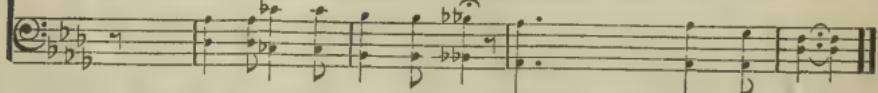
The break - ers roar and the waves dash high, Who will our Pi - lot be?
 But still we ask as the rocks draw near, Who will our Pi - lot be?
 We face the storms with a heav - y heart, Who will our Pi - lot be?

REFRAIN.



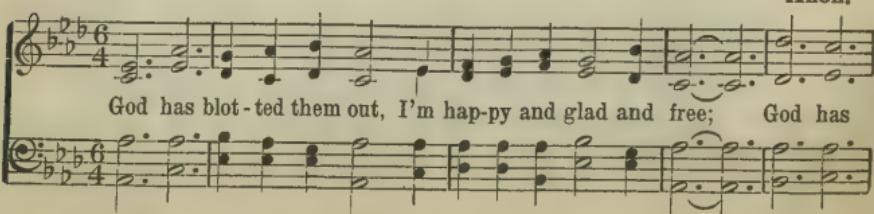
The Christ will our Pi - lot be, . . . A won - der - ful Guide is He, . . .

So we'll sail, sail, sail, . . . Christ will our Pi - lot be.



Anon.

Anon.



God has blot - ted them out, I'm hap - py and glad and free; God has

God Has Blotted Them Out.

blot - ted them out, I'll turn to I - sa - iah and see; Chap - ter for - ty - four,
Twenty - two and three; He's blotted them out and now I can shout, For that means me.

140 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

CHORUS.

lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'ly home. We'll work

1 2

Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A-MEN.
We'll work

141

Lead On, O King Eternal!

Ernest W. Schurtleff.

Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.

Henry Smart.

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We fol - low, not with fears; For

forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro'
 ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For
 glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy

days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And
 not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums; But
 cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light: The

now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
 deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
 crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.

142

Old Time Religion.

Arranged.

CHO. — 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,

Old-Time Religion.

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,— It's good e-nough for me.
 It was good for our moth-ers,— It's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody. 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 3 It has sav-ed our fathers. 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel. 8 It will do when I am dying.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children, 9 It can take us all to heaven.

143 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.

H. F. Hemy.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
 2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

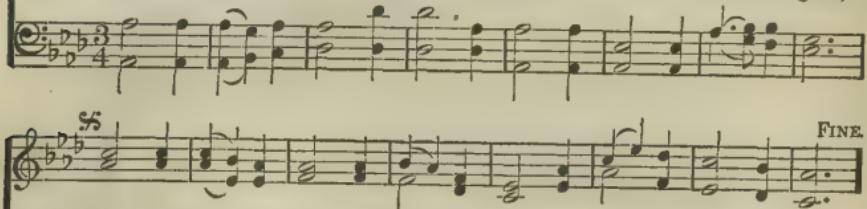
J. O. Thompson.

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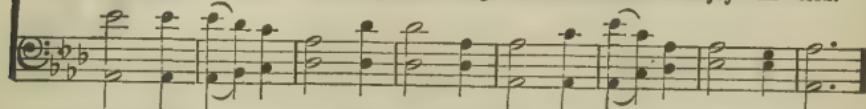
J. B. O. Clemm.



1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

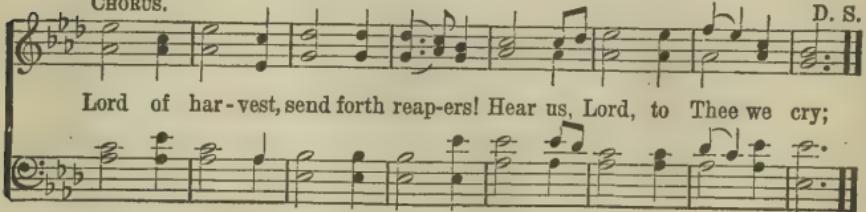


Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'ward then at eve - ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.



D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.

CHORUS.

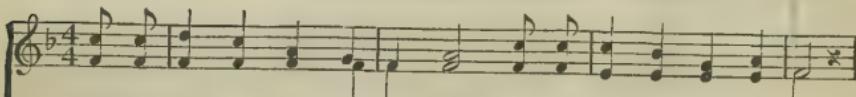


Lord of har - vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

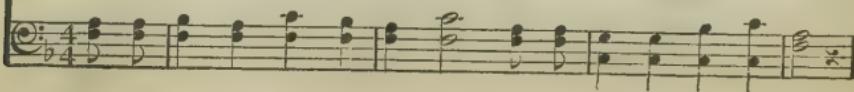
C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

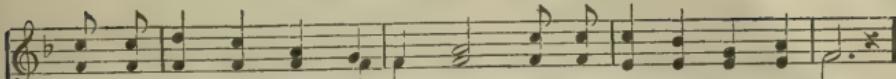
Charlie D. Tillman.



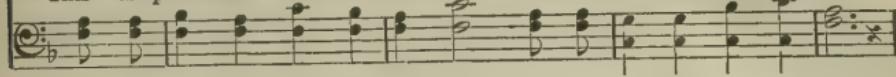
1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old - time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;



Old-Time Power.

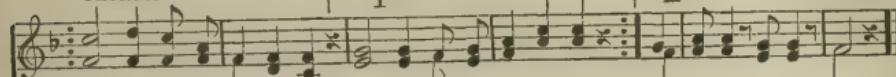


When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.



CHORUS.

1 2



O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And baptize ev'-ry one.



146

I Love Him.

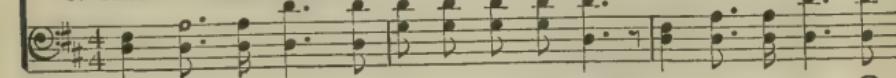
London Hymn Book.

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S. C. Foster.



1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but



all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To



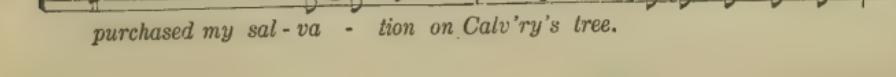
D. S. — *Be-cause He first loved me, And*
FINE D. S.



pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.



purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.



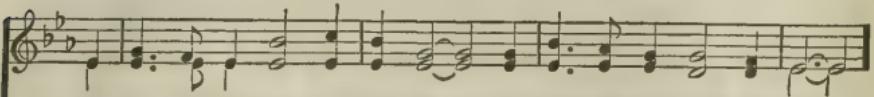
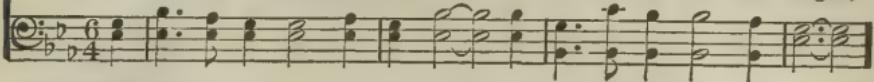
Martha S. Clingan.

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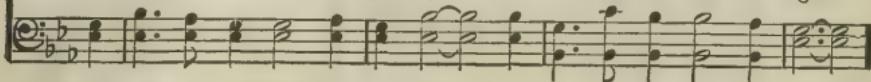
Robert Harkness.



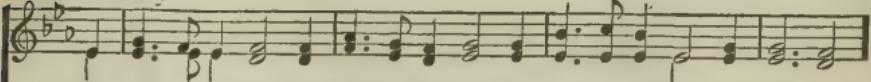
1. I o - pen my heart to Je - sus, The door that was closed swings wide;
2. My heart has been dark and lone-ly, But Je - sus now fills with peace;
3. My joy is His ra-diant pres-ence, The sun-shine is not so bright;



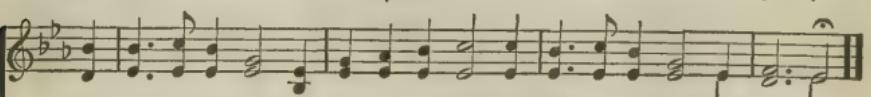
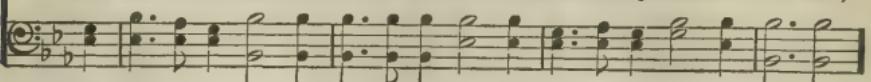
In pa-tient love long He wait-ed; Come, Lord, in my heart a - bide.
He speaks, and the shadows van-ish, He en-ters, my striv-ings cease.
All self-ish-ness lost in glo-ry, Makes serv-ice with Him de - light.



CHORUS.



Come in - to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;



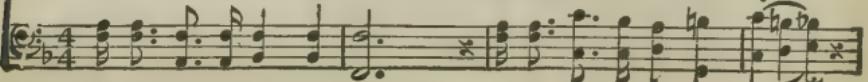
Pos - sess me, I pray, O use me al-way; Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.



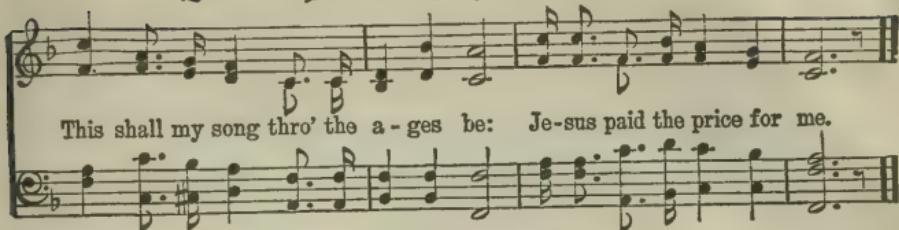
148 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

M. B. J.
CHORUS.COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.
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Je-sus paid the price for me,(for me,) Paid it for e-ter-ni - ty:



Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



149

Bearing His Cross for Me.

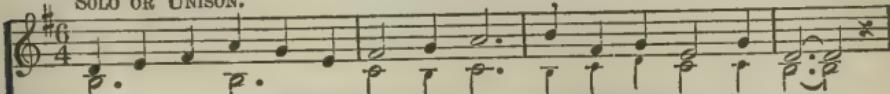
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OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN

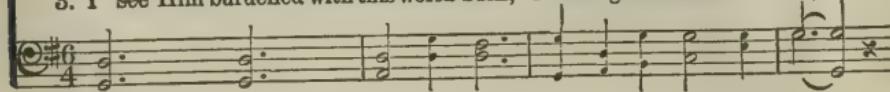
Robert Harkness.

R. H.

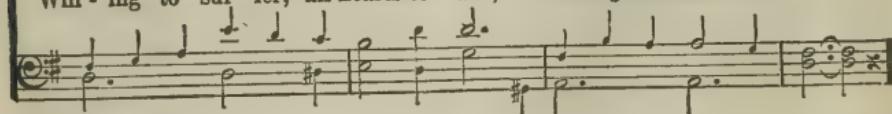
SOLO OR UNISON.



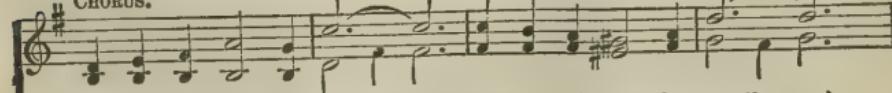
1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear-ing His cross for me;



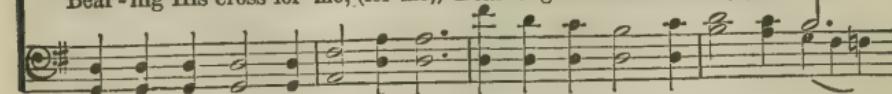
Thorn-pierced His brow, as by sol - diers led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On midst the taunts and the peo - ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will - ing to suf - fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.



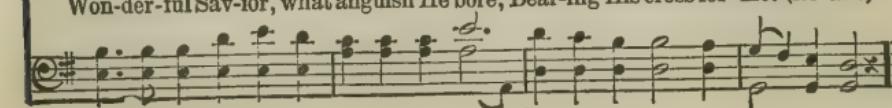
CHORUS.



Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,)



Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me. (for me.)

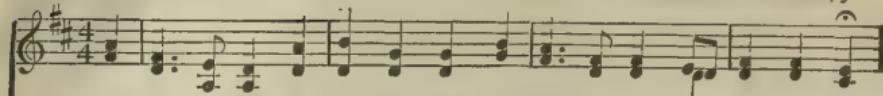


Joseph H. Gilmore.

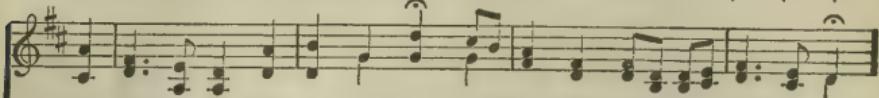
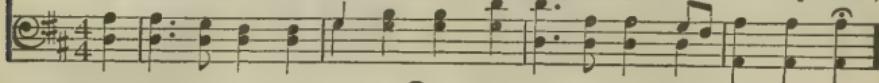
He Leadeth Me.

He Leadeth Me. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



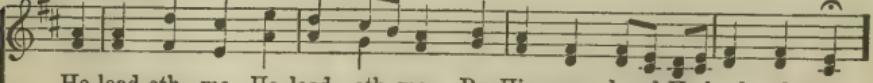
1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'ly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic't'ry's won,



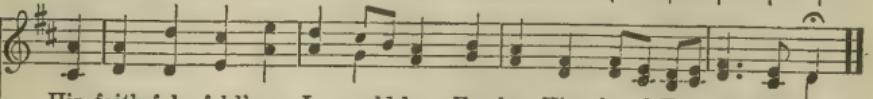
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me!
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



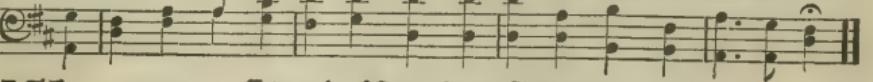
REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me:



His faith - ful fol - lwer I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.



Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield.

Webb.

G. J. Webb.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of



Stand Up for Jesus.

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
mighty con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watch-ing un - to prayer, Where du -ty calls, or dan -ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

152

Jesus Is Passing By.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. This is the mo -ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by;

FINE.

This for sal - va - tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
And you will find Him a Friend in-deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

D.S.—Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de-part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Je - sus is pass - ing by, . . . Je - sus is pass - ing by;

153 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Ortonville. C. M.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with
 2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
 3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav'ly train, Who fill the heav'ly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
 tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

154 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.

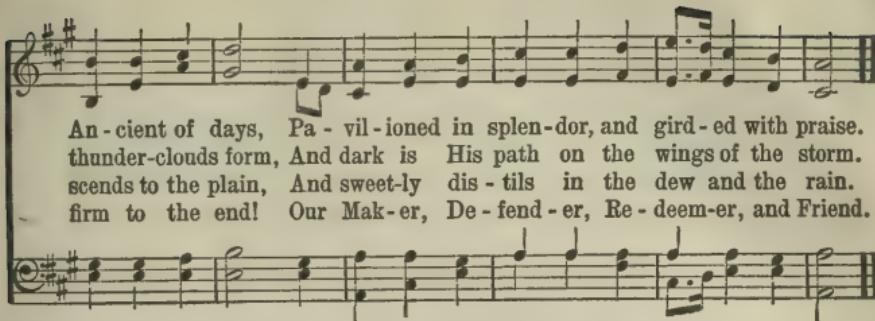
Lyons. 10. 11.

Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - ri - ous a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

○ Worship the King.



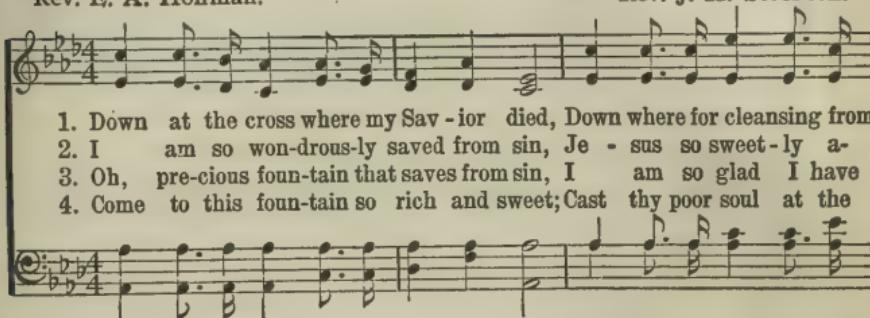
An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

155

Glory to His Name.

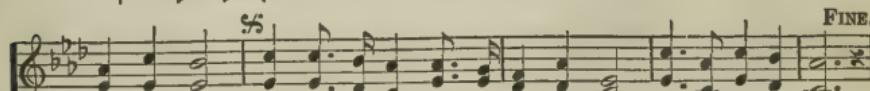
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

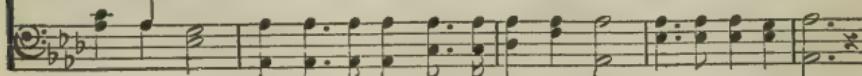


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

FINE.



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.
bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Je - sussaves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry to His name.



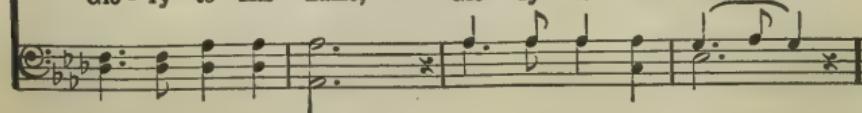
D. S. — *There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



Glo - ry to His name, ... Glo - ry to His name;



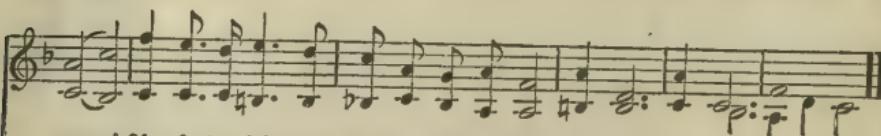
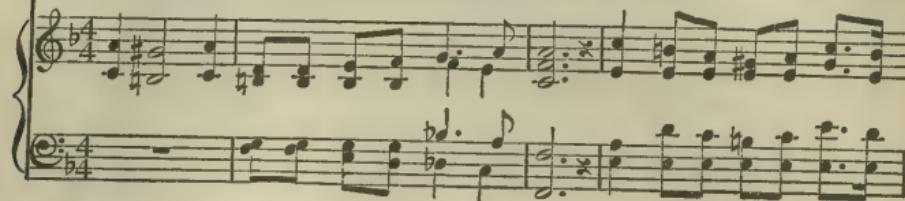
R. H.

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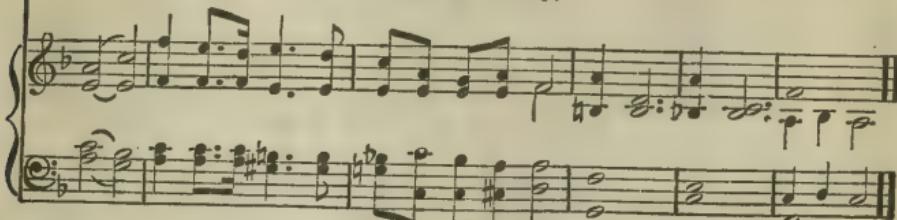
DUET.



1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, la-bor
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for



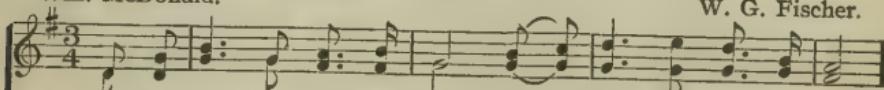
more! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,
 meet, On - ly to sit for - ev - er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!
 done, Oh, what a crown for ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won, some-time soon!
 me, Then I shall reign with Him e - ter - nal - ly,



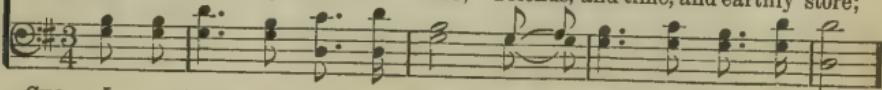
157 I Am Coming to the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

W. G. Fischer.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;



CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I Am Coming to the Cross.

D. C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find,
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, — "I will cleanse you from all sin.",
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er-more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

158

Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. RENEWAL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho'some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.

G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother,
2. What do you hope, dear brother,
3. Do you not feel, dear brother,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother?—

Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? [why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

160 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas. S. M.

Aaron Williams, Coll.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord,
2. I love Thy Church, O God!
3. For her my tears shall fall;
4. Be-yond my high-est joy
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,

The house of Thine a - bode,
Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
For her my prayers as - cend;
I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



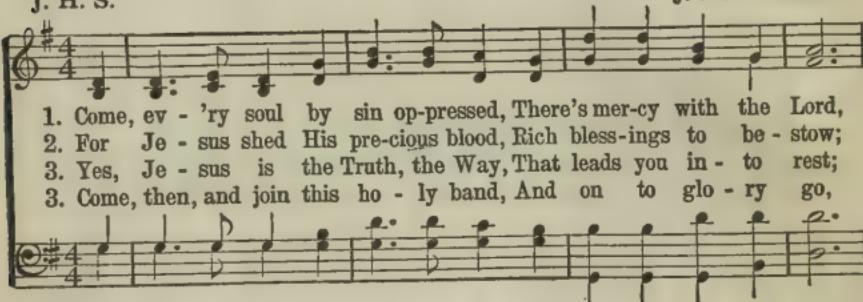
The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

16]

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.



CHORUS.



{On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
{He will save you. He will save you. He will (Omit . . .) save you now. A-MEN.



Rev. Edmund Jones.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re - volve;
 2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose;
 3. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
 4. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And makethis last re - solve;
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose;
 But if I per - ish I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
 But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

163 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart.

Arise. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Arr.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
 4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

3 Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

D. C. for Chorus.

Sheet music for '3 Will Arise and Go to Jesus.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time, treble clef, and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in common time, bass clef, and has a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him. A - MEN.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

164

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

John J. Husband.

Sheet music for 'Revive Us Again.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time, treble clef, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in common time, bass clef, and has a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.

Sheet music for the Chorus of 'Revive Us Again.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time, treble clef, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in common time, bass clef, and has a key signature of one sharp.

died, and is now gone a - bove.

Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -

sins, and hath cleansed ev'ry stain.

kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Sheet music for the Chorus of 'Revive Us Again.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time, treble clef, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in common time, bass clef, and has a key signature of one sharp.

lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.

Sheet music for the Chorus of 'Revive Us Again.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time, treble clef, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in common time, bass clef, and has a key signature of one sharp.

Sarah F. Adams.

Bethany. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my
 send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
 stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

166 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

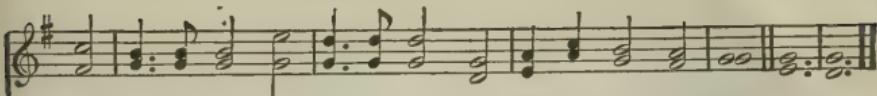
Isaac Watts.

Arlington. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

Am I A Soldier of the Cross?

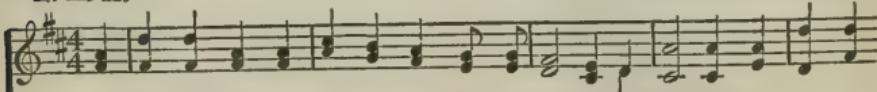


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A-MEN.

167 What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman.



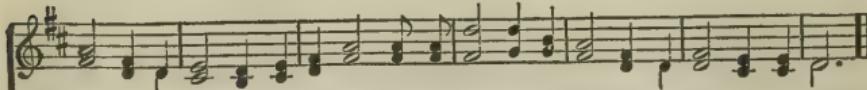
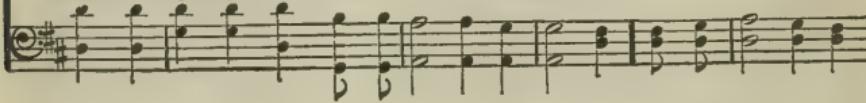
1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! We are re-
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! That rec-on-
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And now He
4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And keeps me



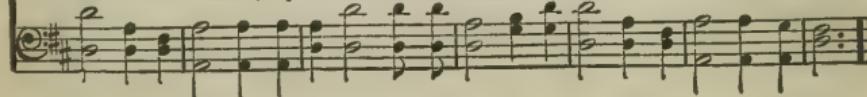
CHORUS.



deemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! What a won-der-ful
reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!



Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!



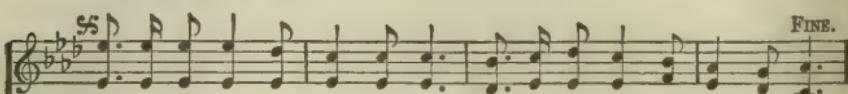
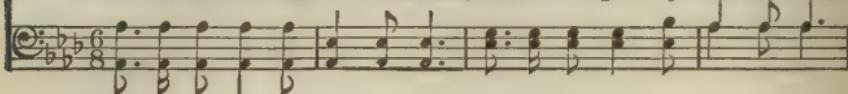
E. E. Hewitt.

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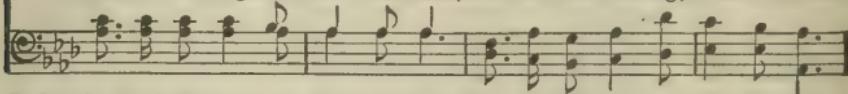
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



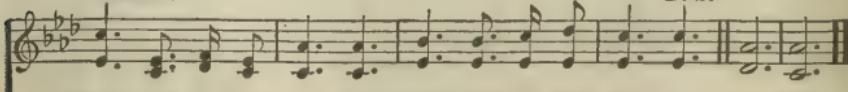
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



D.S.—More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



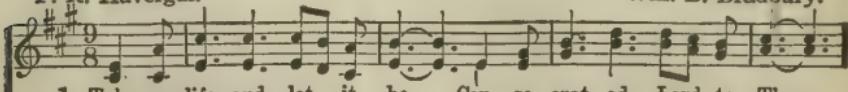
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus; A - MEN.



169 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;



CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

D. C.

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

170 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,

FINE.

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S.—*Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

171 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my

loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
 bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
 truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -
 eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy

Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
 fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. **A - MEN.**

172 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

173

Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Barnby. 6s. 5s.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es,
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens,

Night is draw - ing nigh,
Calm and sweet re - pose;
Vi - sions bright of Thee;
May Thine an - gels spread
Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing
Their white wings a - bove me,
Pure and fresh and sin - less

Steal a - cross the sky.
May our eye - lids close.
On the deep blue sea.
Watch-ing round my bed.
In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

Steal a - cross
the sky.

174 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'ring sad and lone;
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

175 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day,
 3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

FINE.

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When I shall see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D.S.—*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.* D.S.

REFRAIN.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
 promised land,

176

Come, Sinner, Come!

(COPRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

W. E. Witter.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. { Are you too heav-y - la-den! Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. { Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know Him, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus can now re-deem you, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit) Come, sin-ner, come!

Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



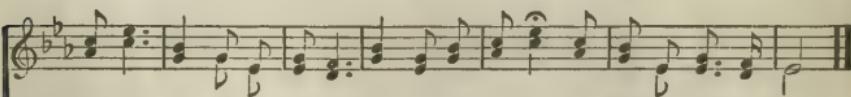
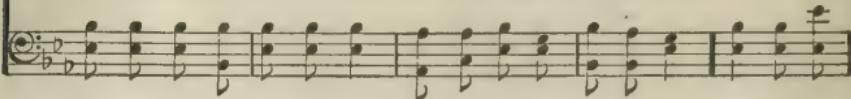
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;



CHORUS.



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.



Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.



1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the lep-er's
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Jesus died my soul to



Jesus Paid It All.

CHORUS.

pray, Find in Me thine all in all." spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. save," My lips shall still re-peat.

owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

179 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Avon. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A -
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,

He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—"Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

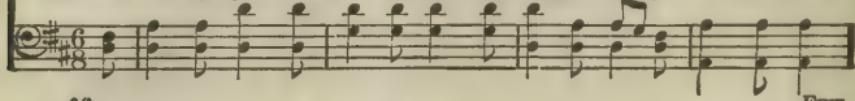
The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in triple time (indicated by a '3'). The music is written in G clef for the top staff and F clef for the bottom staff. The notes are primarily quarter notes and eighth notes, with some sixteenth notes and rests. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music is set to a hymn tune with a consistent rhythmic pattern across both staves.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



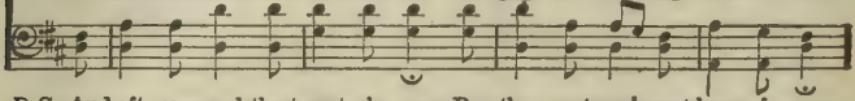
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-ti - tion bear



FINE.



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
 Of those whose anx-i-ous spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
 To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless:

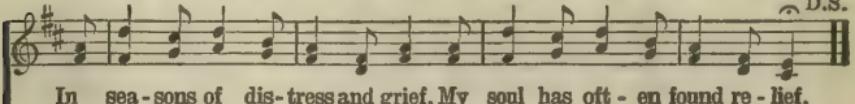


D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S.-And glad-ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S.



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Sav - ior, shows His face,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,



181 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. Sweetest Name. 8.7.8.7. William B. Bradbury.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav - en,
2. "Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth - er,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him,
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re - lieve us



There Is No Name So Sweet.

95

As that be - fore His won - drous birth To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
 That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
 That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
 From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.

FINE.

D.S.—*For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.*

REFRAIN.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus;

D. S.

FINE.

182 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. 7s. D.

Marcus M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
 Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
 Noth - ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there:

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
 D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
 D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

George Keith.

Foundation. 115.

Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev'-ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
 3. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
 4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
 ter-nal, un-change-a-bly love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not de-sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-om be borne.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake!" A-MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;

Close to Thee.

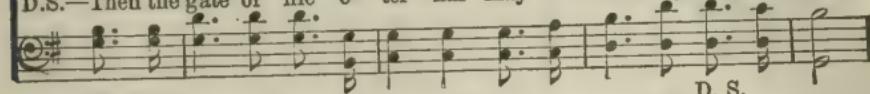
FINE.



D.S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.

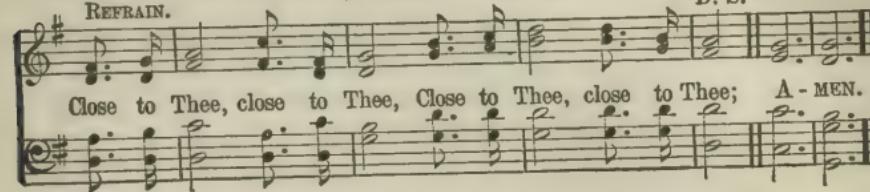
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.

D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.



REFRAIN.

D. S.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A - MEN.

185

○ Happy Day.

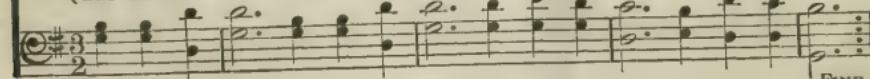
Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day. L. M.

E. F. Rimbault.

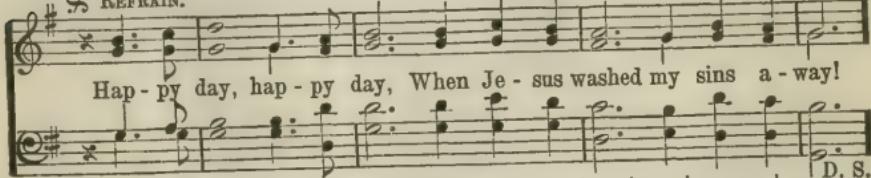


1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
4. { High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai - ly hear,
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }



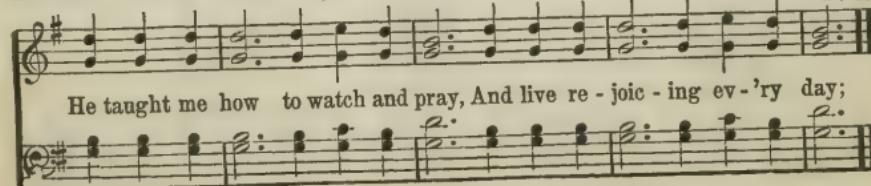
FINE.

REFRAIN.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D. S.



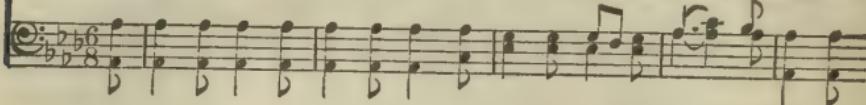
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

186 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

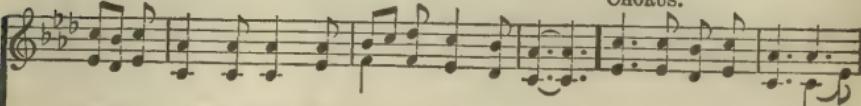
How I Love Jesus. C. M.



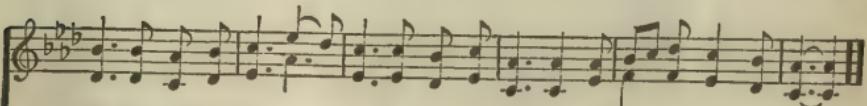
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Father hath In store for ev'-ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each



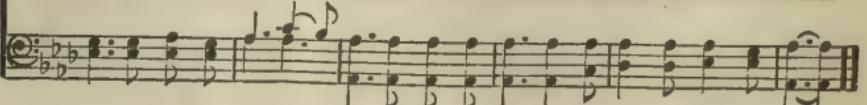
CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me.



187 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

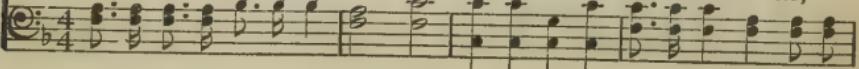
H. D. L.

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W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER.

Harry Dixon Loes.



Ev'-ry-bod-y ought to love Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus; He
Je-sus Christ the won-der-ful Sav-ior;



Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in G clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'died on the cross to save us from sin, Ev - 'ry-bod - y ought to love Je - sus.' are written below the notes. The bottom staff is in C clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp.

188

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in G clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics '1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; 2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; 4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;' are listed. The bottom staff is in C clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in G clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.' are listed. The bottom staff is in C clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp.

REFRAIN.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in G clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;' are listed. The bottom staff is in C clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. A - MEN.' are listed.

Elizabeth Reed.

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J. Calvin Bushey.



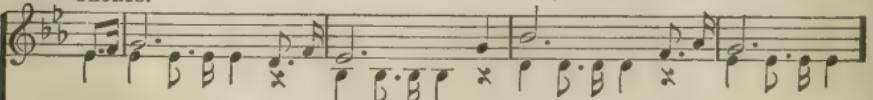
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light,
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;



Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

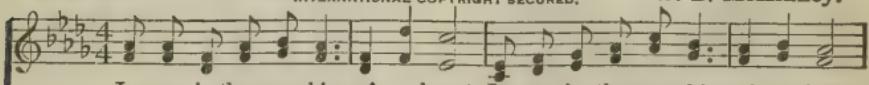


190 The Sunshine of My Heart.

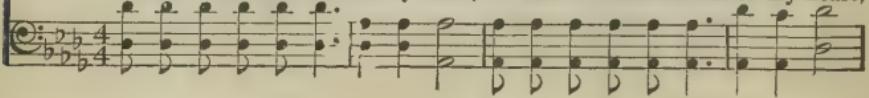
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart, Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart,



The Sunshine of My Heart.

Joy and peace e - ter - nal He doth im - part, Je-sus is the sun - shine of my heart.

191: When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the man-sions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

1. for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....
When we all see Jesus, and shout the vic-to-ry.

S. E. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

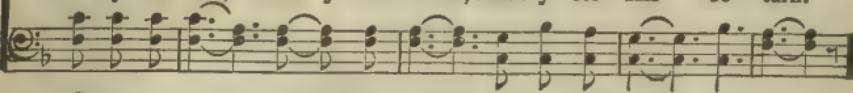
Charlie D. Tillman.



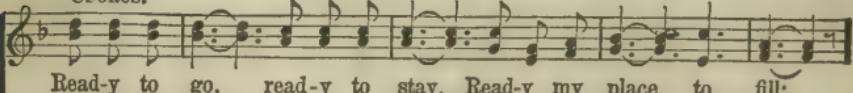
1. Ready to suf-fer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er souls to yearn;



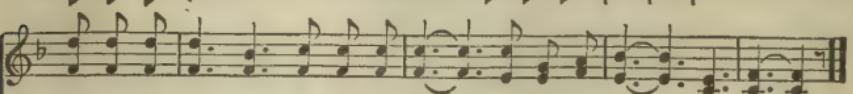
Ready to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
 Ready to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Ready to stand where He sees fit, Ready to stand the strain.
 Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His re-turn.



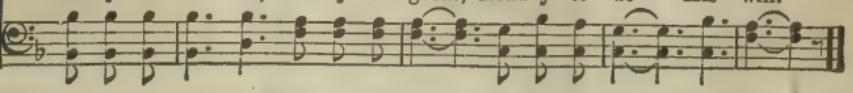
CHORUS.



Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;



Ready for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Ready to do His will.



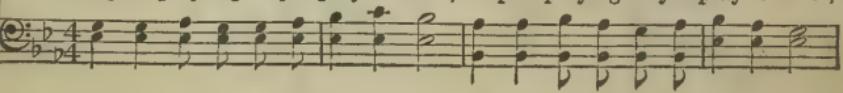
B. B. McK.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McKinney.



Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro';



Keep On Praying.

God's great prom-is-es are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro'.

194 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Slowly.

Copyright, 1907, by Geo. C. Stebbins.
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas- ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er-all pow - er - Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

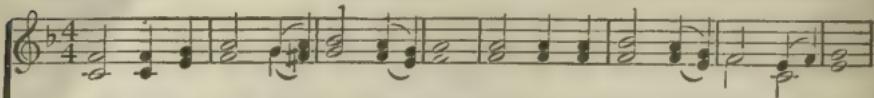
will. While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
now. As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in mel. A - MEN.

195 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

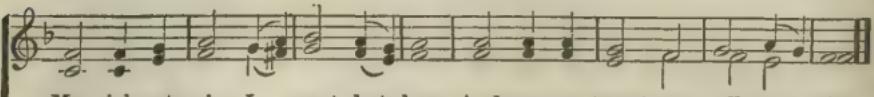
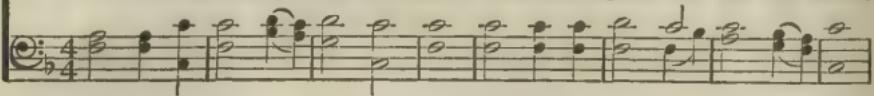
Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

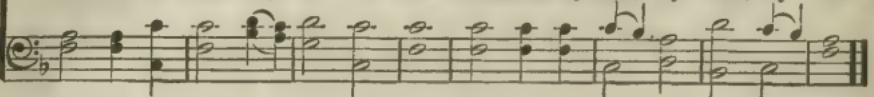
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur -vey the won -drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac -ri -fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com -pose so rich a crown?
Love so a -maz -ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all..



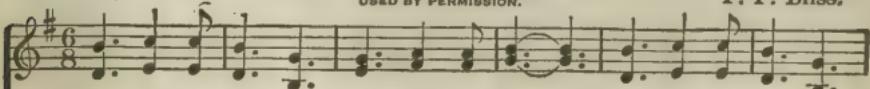
196

Almost Persuaded.

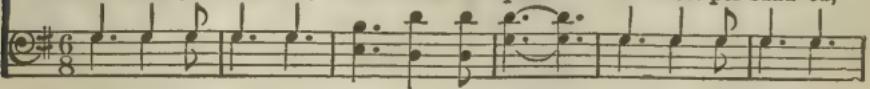
P. P. B.

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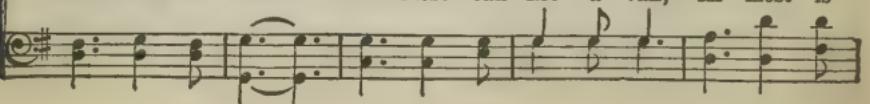
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al - most per -suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per -suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per -suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per -suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per -suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per -suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in -vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



Almost Persuaded.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'r'er, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A - MEN.

197

Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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The Rodeheaver Pub. Co., Owner.

C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

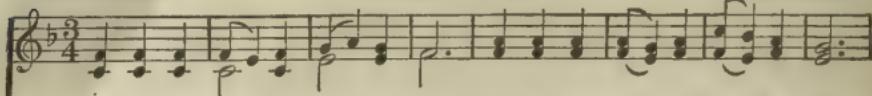
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

1 2

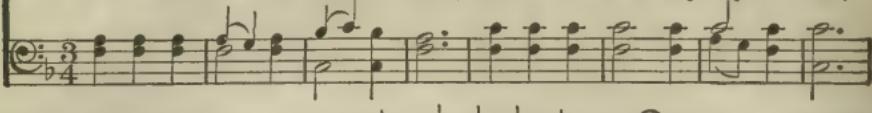
John Keble.

Hursley. L. M.

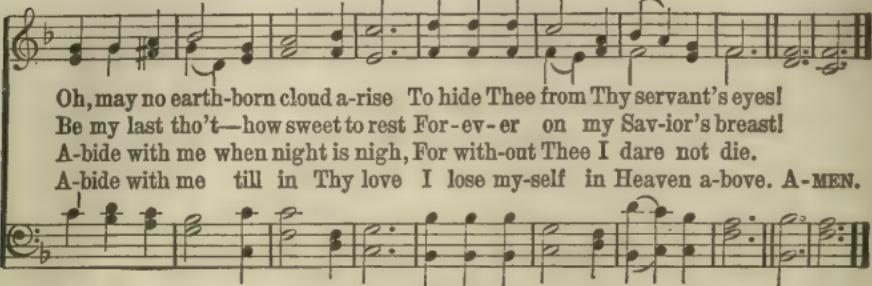
Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-i-or dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-i-or's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.



Reginald Heber.

Nicaea. 11. 12. 12. 10.

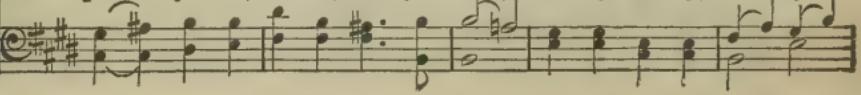
Rev. John B. Dykes.



1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall



morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!



Holy, Holy, Holy.



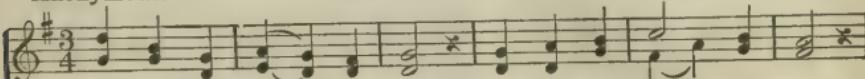
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

200 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous.

Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.

Felice de Giardini.



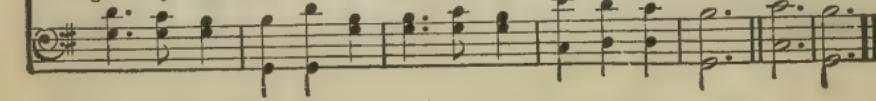
1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be



Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.



Isaac Watts.

Silver Street. S. M.

Isaac Smith.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
 2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
 3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
 4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,

ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
 wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
 are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God. A-MEN.

202 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck.

Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D. From C. M. von Weber.

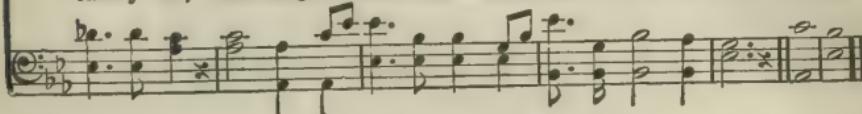
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
 Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
 I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I mast weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.



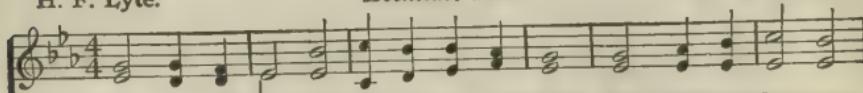
203

Abide With Me.

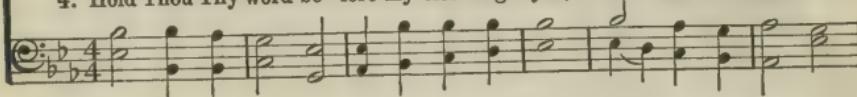
H. F. Lyte.

Eventide. 10s.

W. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows



flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.



204 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Maitland. C. M.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
 2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
 3. Up - on the crys-tal pave-ment, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
 4. O, pre-cious cross! O glo-ri-ous crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev -'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
 Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. **A-MEN.**

205 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

Pilot. 6.7.

J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

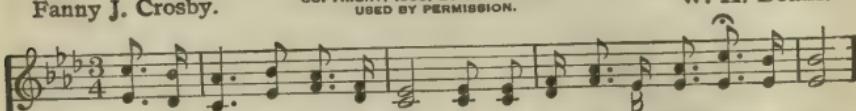
206

Savior, More Than Life.

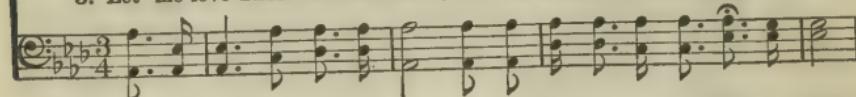
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

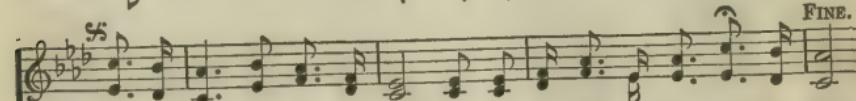
W. H. Doane.



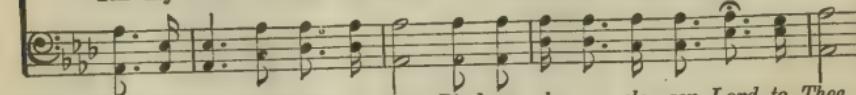
1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-ty, gen-ty as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



FINE.



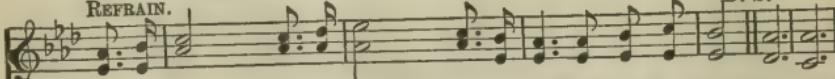
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.



D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,



Charlotte Elliott.

Woodworth. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-

that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.

Robert Robinson.

Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

John Wyeth.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Come, Thou Fount.



Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.



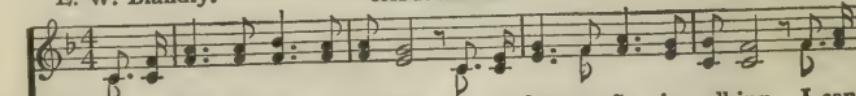
209

Where He Leads Me.

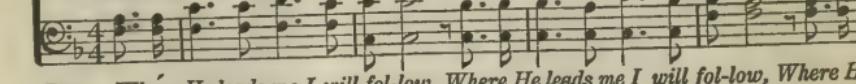
E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.



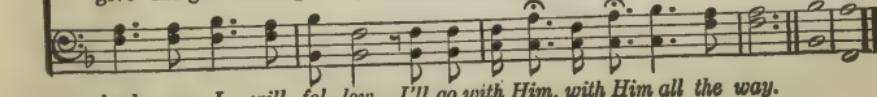
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will



REF.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He



hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.



leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

210

Now Is the Time.

Jennie Ree.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

When you may taste of His love, un-priced—Learn of His grace and pow'r;
 Now you should answer His plead-ing voice; Now is the day of grace!
 Now is the mo-ment! O give it heed; Come to Him while you may!

Now, while He lin-gers, call-ing to thee, Just now, now is the time.
 Now, while the call of mer - cy is clear, Just now, now is the time.
 Now, lest it be for - ev - er too late, Just now, now is the time.

211 from Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell

Retreat. L. M.

Thomas Hastings.

from Every Stormy Wind.



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de -feat, Had suf-f'ring saints no mer - cy - seat?

212 Time Enough Yet, You Say?

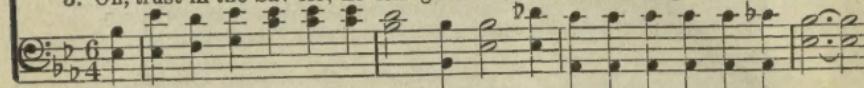
B. B. McK.

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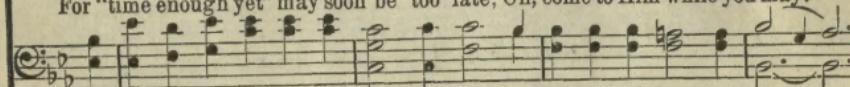
B. B. McKinney.



1. To you the dear Savior has called a-gain, The call you have failed to o - obey;
2. He's calling again with His "still small voice," "Oh, come for sal-va-tion to - day;"
3. Oh, trust in the Sav-ior, no lon-ger wait, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,



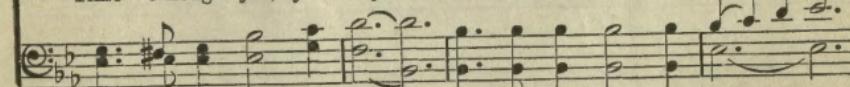
Your heart is now singing that sad re-frain: "I'll trust Him some oth-er day."
But you will not make Him just now your choice - There's time enough yet, you say.
For "time enough yet" may soon be too late, Oh, come to Him while you may.



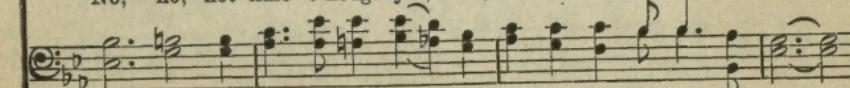
CHORUS.



Time e-nough yet, you say? Time e-nough yet, you say? (you say?)

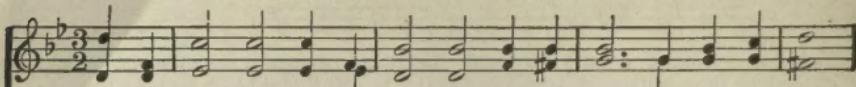


No, no, not time e-nough yet, Oh, turn to the Sav-ior to - day.

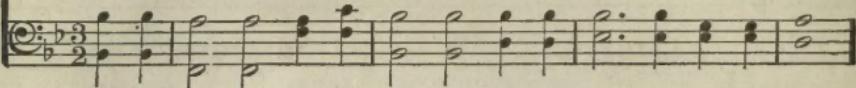


Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.*

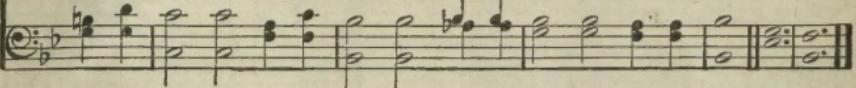
William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,



Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.



Joseph Scriven.

Converse. 8s. 7s. D.

Charles C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Lead, Kindly Light.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . . .

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nouh for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

218

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Dennis. S. M.

Hans G. Naegeli.

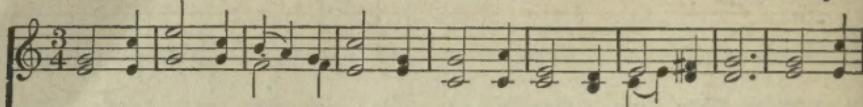
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

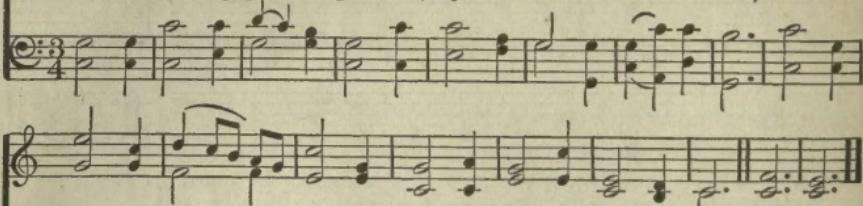
Sir John Bowring.

Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

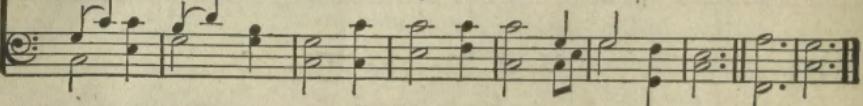
Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti-fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

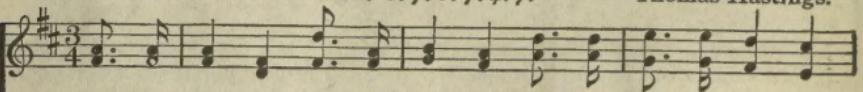


220 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

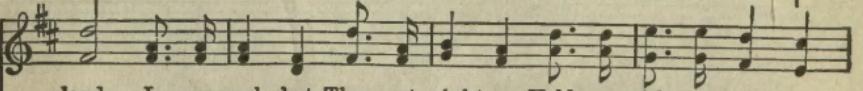
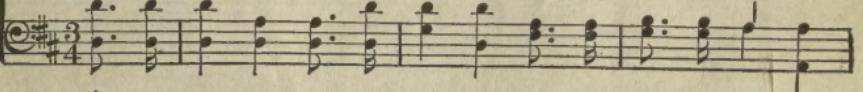
William Williams.

Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub -



land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
 flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
 side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's

